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THE PROSPECTS OF ITALY.

THE prospects of Italy appear to be improving, notwithstanding the exertions of the Romish clergy. It would seem that the provinces which desire annexation with Piedmont have, for the moment, no other enemies to oppose. Austria has enough to do in Hungary without interfering, except by verbal protests, for the restoration of her temporal or spiritual dependents. The Emperor NAPOLEON can only choose between an armed suppression of the existing Governments, and a recognition of the actual state of Italy. There is no reason to suppose that he has involved himself in the interminable enterprise of supporting anti-national institutions in a foreign country. To the reproaches of his priestly allies he may give an answer which will be reasonable, if not satisfactory. The evacuation of Bologna and Ferrara by their Austrian garrisons was only an incidental consequence of the war; and if the POPE lost a province by the withdrawal of foreign troops from his territory, his misfortune illustrates in the most forcible manner the abnormal condition of his Government. The Emperor of the FRENCH may add that he has rendered every service to the Holy See which is compatible with ordinary justice, or with the rules of international law. The presence of French troops at Rome would have enabled the POPE to reconquer Romagna at his leisure if his military resources had been sufficient to control even half of his dominions. It might even be urged that the only chance for the maintenance of Italian Catholicism is to be found in the success of the present struggle for national existence. When the crisis has been successfully terminated, the subjects of the North Italian kingdom may possibly forget that priests and bishops in every part of Europe have been agitating, under inspiration from Rome, for the subjugation of Catholic Italians by Frenchmen or by Germans. Remote aliens have declared that the rights of an obnoxious Prince are indefeasibly sacred, and have openly avowed the monstrous doctrine that ecclesiastical sympathies ought to prevail over all considerations of patriotism or secular justice. If the Church is obstinately hostile to the rights of Italy, the Italians will treat the Church as their enemy. A religious schism, undesirable as it is on political grounds, will be imminent from the time at which the power of the POPE shall be restored by the help of foreign bayonets. NAPOLEON III. may remind the Ultramontane agitators that they have repudiated all his plausible promises of improved institutions for the dominions of the POPE. It is an absolute monarchy, and not a modern bureaucracy, which French and Irish bishops declare to be indispensable to the welfare of the Catholic world. The Imperial Reformer is at liberty to declare that the task assigned to him has been made contradictory and impracticable; and, on the whole, there is some reason to hope that, as he cannot satisfy the demands of the hierarchy, he may adopt the simpler course of setting their discontent at defiance. The latest rumours from Paris will not strengthen the moderate confidence which the Church may have reposed in the eldest son whom she has unwillingly adopted. The official pamphleteer who was formerly employed to demonstrate the expediency of an Italian campaign has now proved, with authoritative arguments, that the temporal independence of the POPE must vary inversely with the extent of his dominions. Many plausible reasons might be advanced in support of the paradoxical proposition; and if the champion of the Holy See is satisfied with the conclusion, the validity of the doctrine may be considered as sufficiently established. FARINI, who once held office under PIUS IX., will not fail to congratulate himself on the service which he will have rendered to his former master by his share in the emancipation of a portion of his dominions. Historical critics will henceforth understand the motive of the heretic CASTLEREAGH in rescuing the Legations for

the POPE from the orthodox grasp of the Austrian EMPEROR.

M. DE LA GUERRONNIERE has only arranged in a lucid form the arguments which have, for many months, been familiar to the readers of the better class of English journals. There is perhaps some inconsistency in the credit which he demands for the efforts of NAPOLEON III. to reclaim the rebellious inhabitants of Romagna by persuasion and influence. If a pensioned Grand Lama in the Vatican is really in a better position than a territorial potentate, all attempts to perpetuate the embarrassing secularities of the Holy See must, at best, be regarded as mischievous results of ill-judged devotion. But it must be remembered that a political apology is not a logical exercise, but an appeal to the reason and sympathy of friends and opponents holding various shades of opinion. Temporal misfortunes are often supposed to improve the character of those whom they affect, to the ultimate increase of their happiness; but the precious jewel which is worn in the head of adversity is seldom received with cordial feelings of gratitude. "The smaller the territory," says M. DE LA GUERRONNIERE, "the greater the sovereign;" and yet it may be prudent to deprecate the wrath of a Pontiff who is known by no means to appreciate his own constructive and indirect aggrandizement. "'Rome is so great, because it is so small,' and, after all, it was not the fault of the French EMPEROR if 'it was not larger'—such is the intelligible defence of a policy which is really dictated by a prudent regard to circumstances, although it may be afterwards vindicated by eloquent considerations of the abstract nature of things. It will be easier to prove that a pensioned Pope must be dependent on his paymasters than to point out the means of restoring ecclesiastical despotism in the Romagna without the employment of French or Austrian arms. In practice, facts are stubborn things, although they form the most pliant and manageable elements of controversy.

Following unavoidably in the track of English writers who were at liberty from the first to speak the truth, M. DE LA GUERRONNIERE proves, by a process of exhaustion, that the POPE cannot be restored, because there is no power which can restore him. France cannot interfere for the coercion of Italy, Austria cannot be allowed to neutralize the recent victories of France, and the paragraph devoted to an examination of the pretensions of Naples may be considered a superfluous compliment. As the sheep will not come back of their own accord, and as there are no sheep-dogs available to drive them in, the lame old shepherd will do well to content himself with a liberal compensation to be kindly paid by his charitable neighbours. There is, happily, a fair proportion of common-sense in the world, and Englishmen at least have no reason to be ashamed of the judgment which they have generally formed of the Italian difficulty; but when great potentates condescend to perceive that two and two make four, their submission to reason deserves acknowledgment, and even a kind of gratitude. In one respect, the Imperial oracle gives a voluntary response to the question, seldom raised in the discussion, of the fate which is to await the POPE's remaining Trans-Apennine possessions. It is announced that Ancona, as well as Bologna and Ravenna, adds nothing to the splendour of Rome. The Protestant Regan tacitly allowed the POPE to retain his diminished retinue of provinces; but the orthodox Goneril unkindly asks why he needs

ten, or five,  
To follow in a house where twice so many  
Have a command to tend him?

A hundred or two hundred millions of Catholics are said by the agitating bishops to require no command to wait on their spiritual Father. The inference that a separate Papal household is unnecessary will scarcely satisfy either PIUS IX. or

his spiritual knights, the Cardinals. It is evidently an indispensable condition of the proposed arrangement that the French garrison should, at the earliest practicable period, be withdrawn from Rome; and it argues the good faith of M. DE LA GUERONNIÈRE that he suggests a practicable alternative in the form of a Federal contingent or guard. The Italians, with all their political dislike of the Papacy, and notwithstanding their religious indifference, are fully sensible to the distinction and advantage of keeping in their own hands the queen-bee of the Catholic world. The duty of defending the Sovereign Pontiff might be as profitable and as welcome as the corresponding function which the Arab tribes round Mecca discharge in relation to the tomb of the Prophet.

If France and England are prepared to act in concert in the question of Romagna, the gravest danger which impended over Italy may be regarded as having passed away. The larger problem of creating an independent kingdom in North Italy may better afford to wait for a solution. When it is settled that the dispossessed Princes are not to be restored by foreign arms, the countries which have asserted their separate independence cannot fail to accomplish their annexation to Piedmont if they persevere in desiring the union. The Congress, after admitting the curtailment of the Ecclesiastical States as an accomplished fact, can only defer the recognition of the enlarged Sardinian kingdom until it has become visibly practical and apparently permanent. If it would be absurd, as M. DE LA GUERONNIÈRE observes, to besiege every town in the Legations to restore the authority of the Pope, it would be far more impracticable to use similar force for the purpose of compelling Bologna or Florence to maintain a separate existence. The future independence of Italy is in the hands of those who at present govern the central provinces, for one of the parties to the proposed amalgamation has given the plainest proof that his policy is unchanged, in his nomination of Count CAVOUR to represent Sardinia at Paris. The ex-Minister has done more than any of his countrymen, except his own Sovereign, to further the great object which is now at last within sight. No other statesman has maintained so strongly, or with equal effect, the principle that Piedmont, notwithstanding her freedom and prosperity, ought to regard herself only as a component part of a great national community. This enlarged patriotism formed the justification or excuse of movements which would have been inconsistent with international comity if Florence and Milan had been regarded at Turin as the capitals of strictly foreign States. His retirement from office was a striking protest against the ostensible stipulations of Villafranca, and his return to public business is the expression of a belief that the approaching Congress will result in the confirmation of Italian independence. During the Congress of Paris, Count CAVOUR suggested the expediency of confining the Papal dominions to the city of Rome and its environs; and whatever may be the professions of more timid diplomatists, the Sardinian Plenipotentiary at least will not be driven back by any "bell, book, or candle" which can be used in these degenerate times. Sardinia, however, will probably be safe from ecclesiastical censures as far as her policy coincides with that of an ally who is far too powerful to be excommunicated. Perhaps Pius IX. would be prudent in forgetting his numerous causes of quarrel with the Sovereign who is apparently destined to become his future protector.

#### ARISTOCRACY IN INDIA.

THERE is just one aristocracy in the world which corresponds with the view of the British landed interest taken in the North of England. The nobility of India—if the expression be understood of the class which enjoys ownership of the soil, so far as the customs of the country permit it—has exactly the characteristics with which Mr. BRIGHT delights to reproach the country gentlemen. Its title is founded on an evasion of public obligations, it is sunk in bigotry and ignorance, its pleasures are lust and rapine, its principal aim is to escape from taxation, and there is nothing on earth which it despises like a trader. Yet it so happens that, whenever the Manchester gentlemen make themselves the mouthpiece of Indian grievances, it is this pretended aristocracy that they especially patronize. They have been clamouring for years against the Indian Government and the East India Company for their discouragement of native entails, for their resumption of grants, and for their disinclination to strengthen and ex-

tend the native Indian nobility by turning the tenure of land into fee-simple. It is indeed the fact, that up to the year of the mutiny, the policy which depressed the independent native proprietary, and tended so far as possible to obliterate it, was a favourite one with the mass of the East India Company's servants. Wherever any measure of the Government increased its influence or enabled it to strike fresh roots into the soil, the author of the step was sure to be some aristocratic appointee of the English Crown; and wherever any tenderness was expressed for the Indian aristocracy by a person actually engaged in the administration of the empire, the sympathy invariably gushed from some aristocratic or quasi-aristocratic bosom. Lord CORNWALLIS, by a few strokes of his pen, endowed Bengal with its precious race of Zemindars. Lord ELLENBOROUGH, who invariably displays the zeal of a *novus homo* for his order, has been loud in his protestations of compassion for the Indian noble. And a man of a very different stamp, MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE, occasionally expressed something of the same feeling, but then the one foible of that great administrator was notoriously his pride of birth.

The process of manufacturing an Indian nobility has recently been exhibited on a great scale in Oude. The Talookdars whom Lord CANNING has just erected into a true landed nobility are people about whom there can at least be no mistake. They are the farmers-general, or descendants of the farmers-general, of the Sovereigns of Oude. They are an accumulation of favourites' favourites and creatures' creatures, deposited upon the soil by about a century of anarchy. Originally planted in their districts as mere collectors of land-rent, they maintained themselves by the help of cannon and matchlocks against any newer emissaries whom the Minister in power at Lucknow commissioned to take their perquisites from them, until at last the very event which seemed certain to ruin them—the substitution of a strong Government for a weak one—has actually had the effect of confirming them in their usurpation. Lord CANNING has turned a great number of revenue districts into estates; and this is the process, and none other, which is involved in that conversion of Indian tenures into fee-simple which the English cotton interest would have to be the panacea for all that goes wrong in India. The normal tenure of India is one which interposes nobody, except a mere collector of revenue, between the State on the one hand, and the village community or individual cultivator on the other; nor is there any possible way of changing this set of relations into the form of ownership recognised in Europe except only by making the collector into a proprietor. It is true that some of the silliest witnesses examined by that singularly unfruitful body, the Colonization Committee, suggest another expedient. They recommend that the Government of India should put the rights which it enjoys as universal landlord up to public auction, and that then, with the proceeds, it should pay off the funded debt. Whence the capitalists are to come who are to take the entire soil of India off the hands of its Government does not seem to have struck these gentlemen as a difficulty worth attending to; but in truth, their real meaning is not to be inferred from the character of the measures they recommend. Like ninety-nine hundredths of the people who pressed their advice on the country during the Sepoy mutiny, they put into words their ideas of what would be most convenient to themselves, and coolly offer them to the public as a summary of the policy which is certain to regenerate the Indian Empire. The handful of Englishmen who make the soil of India the basis of a speculation in cotton, coffee, or indigo undoubtedly feel themselves embarrassed by the native tenures. They want the fee-simple of their plantations, and are ready to pay for it. This small nucleus has gradually gathered round itself the magnificent policy which is developed in endless pages of the Colonization Committee's Blue-books.

It would be most unjust to blame Lord CANNING for making this enormous donation to the Talookdars of Oude. The measure is strongly recommended by immediate convenience, for it binds fast to the British Crown the only class in Oude which is the least likely to be troublesome for the future. Probably, too, it is the only settlement which is possible, now that the East India Company is deposed; for a coalition between Lord DEREY's party and the North-country Radicals has pronounced against the only alternative course, and any combination of the sort can dictate its own terms to the Indian Department as at present consti-



tuted. Yet it is impossible not to regret the immense sacrifice of public wealth and private happiness which Lord CANNING's concession carries with it. The soil of Oude is the most fruitful in India, and there are scarcely any limits which can be assigned to its productiveness, when once the country is under an administration which can ensure peace and enforce law. The additional profits of cultivation will now, however, go into the pockets of the Talookdar, instead of being carried, as the theory of society in India requires they should be, into the coffers of the State. Lord CANNING, it is true, reserves a right of further taxation, but the very nature of the measure to which he is giving effect, implies that the main portion of the augmented rental will be retained by the new-coined nobility. But it is the unlucky peasantry which is destined to feel the new policy in its most deplorable results. The Oude cultivator has no capital beyond the seed which is stored up for next year's sowing; he clings to the soil with a tenacity which even transcends that of the Celtic races in Europe; and the only outlet for surplus population which ever existed in Oude has just been closed by the cessation of enlistments for the Sepoy army. Under such circumstances, it is a commonplace of political economy that the cultivator is at the mercy of the landowner. The cottier system of Ireland, as it existed before the famine, exemplified this set of relations to some extent; but nothing in Ireland can give an idea of what is possible in India, for the Talookdar will go to any length of rapacity to which man can proceed, and whatever oppression man can endure will be submitted to by the Indian cultivator. The Oude ryot is, in short, a heavy loser by the change of sovereignty in his country. Under the late dynasty, if the Talookdar resisted the servants of the KING, the villages not unfrequently resisted the Talookdar, so that in the end the peasantry succeeded in retaining a respectable fraction of the crop. But as things now stand, the Talookdar, himself released from State-dues, will have the aid of the State to coerce his refractory tenants. This is the first instalment of what Indian agitators call "justice to India."

#### THE SUEZ CANAL.

LORD PALMERSTON'S consistent opposition to the Suez Canal was founded on the most solid reasons; but it is generally admitted that he committed a diplomatic error in publicly declaring his opinion when it was impossible fully to explain his motives. If a French joint-stock company were to project a tunnel under the Atlantic from Havre to New York, it would not be the business of an English Minister to protest in Parliament against the absurdity or unprofitableness of the enterprise. The announcement that the formation of the Suez Canal would be inconsistent with English interests was at the same time indiscreet, inaccurate, and irrelevant. As Lord PALMERSTON was restrained by weighty considerations from saying what he meant, it would have been better to abstain from hints and approximate indications of his meaning. His repeated assertions that the work itself was impracticable, although they bore more directly on the real objections to the plan, laid him open to the obvious remark that the feasibility of an engineering scheme ought to be determined by those who embark their capital in the experiment. The interests of England and of Europe were, in truth, likely to be compromised, not by the formation of the Suez Canal, but by the pretence of forming it; and the demonstration that it could be neither employed for purposes of commerce nor even made, was only material as a proof that the objects of the promoters were purely political and aggressive. The opposition offered by the English Minister was sufficient to popularize in France an undertaking which presented at the same time a showy exterior and a probability of an intrigue for the national aggrandizement. A few dupes in the departments may be attracted by the project of opening the Red Sea; but the real popularity of the scheme is founded on the expectation that it will close the Isthmus of Suez. The joint-stock enterprise might safely have been left to its own inherent helplessness. French patriotism will do much, but it will not subscribe twenty millions out of private purses merely for the supposed annoyance of England. The funds for an undertaking wholly different from a junction of the two seas will be furnished from the inexhaustible fund which French cupidity and credulity places, in the form of successive loans, at the disposal of the Imperial Government.

M. LESSEPS, the founder of the pretended company, is a diplomatist by profession; and the progress of his speculation has coincided in the most remarkable manner with the policy and convenience of the EMPEROR. His equanimity was not disturbed when Mr. STEPHENSON announced the impossibility of making the Canal navigable, nor has he thought it worth while to answer the obvious argument that, if the Gulf of Suez extended to Pelusium, the principal traffic of the world would still pass round the Cape of Good Hope. The disinterested capitalists of the company learn with equanimity that, if the Canal were really made and used, the advantage of the undertaking would be almost exclusively enjoyed by the selfish islanders who monopolize the commerce of the East. Mechanical difficulties, financial ruin, sacrifices redounding only to the benefit of rivals, weigh nothing with M. LESSEPS and his anonymous partners in comparison with the accomplishment of their favourite enterprise. Lord PALMERSTON was embarrassed by the necessity of affecting to assume the genuineness of a prospectus which would never have deserved his attention if he had not known it to be a fraud. It may be possible, notwithstanding the just weight of Mr. STEPHENSON'S opinion, to dig an enormous ditch across the Isthmus of Suez, and to prolong the channel by miles of embankment through the shallow water at either end; but as the tolls on steamers will be insignificant in amount, while sailing-vessels can never work up and down the Red Sea with advantage, it is absolutely certain that the vast sums necessary for the undertaking will never be subscribed by capitalists. The inference that M. LESSEPS is engaged in carrying out a plan of a very different kind would be strengthened by the activity of his diplomatic supporters if it were not in itself irresistible. It is not for the purpose of enabling French shareholders to sink their money in the remote prospect of facilitating English commerce, that the collective Embassies of the four Great Continental Powers have jointly demanded a concession from the Porte. The conduct of France and of Russia is intelligible, and it must be supposed that Austria and Prussia have hoped, by a proceeding immaterial to themselves, to conciliate the French Government on the eve of the Congress. The design of robbing Turkey and of injuring England cannot, perhaps, be prudently resisted at the present stage; but it is evident that the peace of the world will scarcely be promoted by the officious activity of France in the affairs of the Levant. If the four Liverpool brokers inquire whether the EMPEROR really intends the Suez Canal to be made, they will probably be once more informed that their impertinent question argues a mixture of confidence and fear. The remainder of the English nation is not easily frightened, but its confidence will be founded on the national spirit and resources rather than on the loyal ally who never allows the world to be quiet for six months together.

Although the Suez Canal will never be made, a canal may easily be commenced from the Mediterranean in the direction of Suez. French workmen and engineers will be brought into Egypt on the road to Syria, and an august Government will not fail to protect the vested interests of its enterprising subjects. Two or three forts, for the defence of the works, may be easily built at the expense of the company; and, when a footing has been fairly established, the discontinuance of farther operations may be plausibly attributed to the negligence and bad faith of the SULTAN or of the VICEROY. Nothing will be more natural than the continued occupation of a part of Egypt, if it is not rather thought expedient to institute a protectorate over the whole. The overland passage to India may then be guarded or stopped by French policemen; and, perhaps, M. EMILE DE GIRARDIN will afterwards offer to re-open the Isthmus on the condition that Malta and Gibraltar shall at once be evacuated. It is against these results that Lord PALMERSTON protested, under cover of an ostensible objection to a bubble company which was known to be a fiction. If the scheme proceeds, it will, sooner or later, become necessary to use more material arguments against a serious enterprise. Five years ago the Emperor NICHOLAS offered Egypt to England as a part of the inheritance of the sick man. It is not known whether Prince GORTSCHAKOFF may have held out similar hopes to France; but the close alliance of the two Imperial Courts involves mutual stipulations which have been sedulously kept secret. The notorious map of Europe for 1860 gave Egypt to Austria, as to the conventional representative of a principal who was not to appear in the transaction. The plans of the Emperor NAPOLEON may perhaps be vague and indefinite, but it is his policy or his inclination to provide the vanity of his

countrymen with a constant supply of novelty and excitement. Since the Treaty of Paris, he has intrigued with Wallachia and Moldavia, with the freebooters of Montenegro, and probably with the Pasha of EGYPT; and as soon as the Italian campaign is over, his agents are reviving the vexatious pretence of the Suez Canal. Peace may, perhaps, long be preserved by prudence and firmness, but a friend who always provides himself with a possible cause of quarrel is but a troublesome and uncertain companion.

The Isthmus of Suez, with or without a canal, can never belong to France, until England is reduced to extremity. The Straits of Gibraltar and the Adriatic are free to all nations, notwithstanding the English strongholds on their shores, but a ship canal can only be traversed by permission of the Power which holds its banks or its ports. The accomplishment of M. LESSERS' plan would inevitably lead to a collision between England and France, and, in the event of a war, the Isthmus would ultimately be the prize of success and supremacy at sea. In the meantime, although the French might derive various advantages from their occupation of the territory, it is a mistake to suppose that the possession of Egypt would lead to the conquest of India. It is a long step from Suez to Kurrachee, and the collection of a fleet of steam transports in the Red Sea, even with the help of a ship canal, would imply the possession of maritime preponderance in the Ocean as well as in the Mediterranean. The French projects for obtaining a port on the Abyssinian coast indicate a consciousness that Suez is not destined to become their naval station. It is impossible that at either point they should accumulate sufficient stores and vessels for the invasion of India.

In spite of the extravagances of Parisian pamphleteers, the world is perhaps beginning to distinguish between the English pursuit of utility and the French ambition of glory. The encouragement and protection of commerce tend equally to the benefit of all mankind, and only concern England more directly than her neighbours in proportion to the superior wealth and energy of her population. Wherever there is an English fortress there is an open sea and a hospitable port. At Malta, at Aden, at the Cape, at Calcutta, and even in the Thames itself, foreign vessels are admitted on equal terms to share the advantages which have been obtained by English enterprise. There is nothing selfish or exclusive in the policy which has opened China to European trade; nor are French merchants charged with differential rates on the railroad which has been constructed with English capital across the Isthmus of Suez. If France desires to possess settlements on the great highways of commerce, the satisfaction of the national pride is commonly put forward as a sufficient motive for rivalry with England. In this instance, as in many others, an "idea" is meaner and more sordid than an honest profession of the simple desire of gain. French traders might send all their commodities across the Isthmus in first-class carriages by special trains more cheaply than they will ever be able to convey them if they are to pay interest on the cost of the Canal. But for the hope of thwarting England and of dismembering Turkey, M. LESSEPS would be as likely to project a railway to the moon as a canal between Pelusium and Suez.

#### FRENCH OPINION.

NOW that the factitious hostility to England with which the French press indulged itself during the month of November has quieted down at the rebuke of the Government, the reports of French opinion which reach us are very different from what they were. We hear on all sides that everybody in France who is interrogated on the subject disclaims with the utmost earnestness, for himself and his friends, the slightest desire for a breach with England, but at the same time declares, as confidently as ever, that an English war would be a popular war, and the only popular war. This impression has appeared a strange one to observant Frenchmen as well as to wondering Englishmen; and in a recent publication, one of the most thoughtful of French politicians, M. DE RÉMUSAT, has expressed his great surprise at its prevalence. He observes that, during the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE, when abuse of England was very general, and formed indeed the best part of the capital stock of the Liberal Opposition, the antipathy of the Anglophobists invariably vented itself in two disparaging epithets, which together summed up the hostility of France to her neighbour. England was denounced as "oligarchical" and as "shop-

keeping." The first characteristic was supposed to make her a proper object of hatred to the masses—the second, to the educated and aristocratic classes. As for oligarchy, says M. DE RÉMUSAT, the very men who most bitterly denounced her for maintaining a privileged order have since had reason to be thankful that there is an oligarchical England in the world. They have fled in crowds, and for dear life, from the scorching plain of French equality to the "cold shade" of British aristocracy; and the imputation of "shopkeeping" suggests still more striking reflections. If England is now called a shopkeeper by France, M. DE RÉMUSAT remarks that she may fairly retort, "No more 'shopkeeper than you are!'" There is now, in fact, a second "*Nation boutiquière*" in Europe. The industrial development of France during the last fifteen years has been so enormous and so rapid—the play of her internal mercantile activity and of her commercial relations with other countries has been so immensely quickened—that there is scarcely a corner of French society which is not, more or less, under the sway of shopkeeping influences. Her quarrelling with England because her neighbour is devoted to trade, wholesale or retail, would be the greatest of practical paradoxes.

Of the truth of M. DE RÉMUSAT's positions there cannot be a doubt. The start made by French industry is the leading phenomenon of the middle of the nineteenth century, and it is quite certain that every step which she has accomplished in this direction is a blow and discouragement to her old military traditions. We do not need Mr. COBDEN and his friends to teach us that industry is the great modern rival of war, and that the industrial progress of our day furnishes the best, perhaps the sole reason, for believing that some time or other wars will be no more. But it by no means follows that, because a country has gone through a great transformation, it is therefore at once conscious of being transformed. The commonplaces of conversation and opinion descended from an extinct state of things are current long after the close of the era which produced them, and long retain much power for good or for evil. France is very far from alive to the humiliating fact that she now keeps a shop. Individual Frenchmen are very generally awake to the anachronism involved in an English war, but they cannot persuade themselves that their country has changed its character. Not only is knowledge of existing facts—a knowledge much rarer than is usually supposed—required to bring home to a nation its true interests and condition, but, beyond this, a full consciousness of the present is seldom reached without some degree of scientific information. England was the greatest industrial country in the world long before her industry exercised the slightest influence on the policy of her Government; and her industrial greatness was recognised long before it was allowed to produce its logical results in the establishment of Free-trade. The obstacles to self-knowledge are, however, much greater in France than they ever were here. Her Governments systematically obscure the truth by promoting with the whole strength of their influence the set of impressions and traditions which happen to be most conducive to the maintenance of their authority; nor is there any spot on earth where so blind a prejudice exists against the lessons of political economy. Her EMPEROR, on this head, is perhaps wiser than the great majority of his subjects. But, though he from time to time introduces improvements into an antiquated commercial system, he encourages by every possible art the worship of "glory;" nor is it the way of the man, if war happens to suit his interest for the moment, to refrain from it because it will inflict infinitely greater suffering on the country than the country believes or knows.

When France understands herself better, she will understand England better. At present, she reads English policy by the help of her own aggressive and conquering vocabulary, and consequently mistranslates every page of it. More accurately informed, she will see how completely industrial interests take precedence of every other consideration in the view of English statesmen. The framework of our hardly-won Empire is still kept standing by us, and far be it from us ever to renounce our just pride in the valour, endurance, and wisdom by which it was acquired; but it is practically valued for very different reasons from those which prompted its acquisition. We cling to our colonies and dependencies, but it is because, so long as they are ours, they are open markets—open to the whole world as well as to ourselves. Not a shilling comes to us from any transmarine possession except as the profits of trade. If, as M. DE GIRARDIN declares,



it is the policy of Great Britain to seize upon straits and maritime outlets, the object of her policy is the perfect freedom of the seas. We are sure that, so long as we hold them, there will be open passage to every ship of every nation; and we cannot feel certain that the control of any other State would be regulated by similar principles. Does anybody, does even any Frenchman, pretend that, in peace or war, our possession of Gibraltar is not a clear gain to commerce? Has M. DE GIRARDIN himself the assurance to hint that Perim in British hands would be anything else than a guarantee that the Suez Canal, if it were completed, should be used for the very purposes for which it is said to be exclusively designed. The reason, however, why Frenchmen are blind to these and many other proofs of the changed spirit of England, is not far to seek. Except a few more enlightened than their fellows, they are still under the influence of the gross delusion that the commercial profits of any one nation are a loss to the rest of the world. So long as this error lasts, the feeling inspired by the prosperity of England will simply be a wish to transfer it to France, and, consequently, a desire to substitute France for England in the various fastnesses which are seen to be somehow connected with the success of British enterprise. An English war would, accordingly, be popular, because there is a loose and ignorant opinion abroad that France would be the richer, as well as the greater, by the spoliation of the richest community on earth. Such a war would be the most effectual lesson that France could have in knowledge which she must one day acquire; for, whether she were successful or unsuccessful, she would be infinitely poorer for the effort. Beaten, she would be poorer by the cost of her attempt. Triumphant, she would be poorer by the establishment of less liberal principles over the whole field of commerce. The only fortunate result of her false opinions is that they take a great deal of demonstrating and proving; so that, by dint of loud talking, she sometimes alarms her neighbour out of that indifference to military considerations which intense devotion to industry has a decided tendency to produce.

#### THE TIMES ON THE DEAN OF CHRISTCHURCH.

IT is quite right that public men, when they do wrong, should be censured by the public press; but it is also right, and due to the press itself, that they should be defended by the same organ of opinion when they are censured without a cause. The *Times*, the other day, had an article on Christchurch, in which it stated, with great justice, that the College had declined, but erroneously threw the blame of its decline entirely upon the present DEAN, whom it accused of deserting his duties, not only on account of his health, but for the ignoble purpose of hanging about Court and hunting in the trail of preferment. The DEAN, it is true, has been obliged to pass three winters abroad for his health, and his absence has been a great loss both to the College and to the University, as his restoration to health and return are a great gain to both. We should be sorry to lower the rule of public duty, especially in regard to such offices as Headships of Colleges, where the only security the public has against sinecurism is the man's own sense of honour. Permanent loss of health ought to be the signal for retirement. But we must allow the holders even of important offices sometimes to be ill. Minds capable of rendering high service to the public, and eager to render it, are too often wedded by improvident nature to bodies less strong; and they are apt by their ardent activity to impair even the physical strength which they possess. Indolent stupidity, on the contrary, generally enjoys admirable health, and slides into prolonged dotage by degrees so gentle and imperceptible that it is impossible either for the voice of conscience from within, or that of the censor from without, to pronounce when the exact period for resignation has arrived. Cassocks under which nothing beats may be stroked with a comfortable sense of conscious rectitude on seeing the Dean of CHRISTCHURCH taxed with neglect of duty for having to recover his power of work by passing a winter at Madeira. The accusation of hanging about Court for preferment is as ludicrously at variance with the known character of the person accused as it proves to be totally destitute of actual foundation; and the sneering invitation to keep the pay and let some one else do the work is a taunt addressed to a sense of duty, the existence of which the article denies. No greater calamity could befall the College or the University than the resignation which this taunt is intended to suggest.

Of all the grandees of Oxford, the DEAN is the man to whom those who are earnestly endeavouring to raise Oxford education would most look for generous treatment, for cordial sympathy, and effectual support. His return brings hope where there was little hope before.

The *Times*, however, has done good by calling attention to the effect, though it is misinformed as to the cause. The state of Christchurch, being, as it is, one of the great places of education for our nobility and gentry, is a national evil. It is peculiarly an evil at this moment, when so much depends on the mental cultivation of these classes, and their power to comprehend and deal with a dangerous political situation. The result, which is undeniable, may be traced to various sources. Westminster School, depressed by the badness of its situation, and the rise of rivals more happily situated, has ceased to send up such scholars as it did in the palmy days of ALDRICH or of JACKSON. Other Colleges of Oxford, which in those days were obscure academical taverns, have come into the competition, with valuable open fellowships, against Christchurch, which, though a rich Chapter, is a poor College. The late DEAN was a profound and illustrious scholar, but we should be showing generosity to the dead at the expense of justice to the living did we allow it to be assumed that he was a ruler so excellent in all the arts of government, so careful in his appointments, so anxious to seek out and advance rising merit, as to have left to his successor a prosperous heritage and an easy task. The College, in fact, declined rapidly during his reign, though by no means through his fault alone. Nor must the academical philosopher, exploring the causes of things, forget that of the ills of colleges, as of the ills of kingdoms, there is a large part which neither Deans nor laws can cause or cure. In the mysterious and capricious influences which regulate the inner being of our young aristocracy must, after all, be sought the main reasons why the noblemen and gentlemen commoners of the present day should confine their intellectual efforts to reading opium poetry, and spend the greater part of their life in smoking, lounging, and driving about in pony chairs. Some Oxford BUCKLE will perhaps one day discover the necessary cycle in which these phenomena revolve, and the influences of food or climate by which they are necessarily produced. But in the meantime, science is not in possession of any certain mode of removing, or even of materially modifying them, independently of a slight exertion of free will, stimulated by a sense of social responsibility and personal self-respect, on the part of the noblemen and gentlemen commoners themselves.

The "emancipating ordinance," as it has been called, of the late Oxford Commission, relating to the studentships, and the further ordinance for augmenting the incomes of the students out of the proceeds of two suppressed canonries, are just coming into play, and their effect will soon be felt. At present, it is premature to debit the DEAN with the advantages of a scheme not yet in operation. But there are two improvements which we venture to suggest might be made at once. The first relates to the studies of the College. The University has recently established a rational education for the nobility and gentry in the shape of the School of Law and Modern History, which would speedily tell beneficially on Christchurch if it only had fair play. But unfortunately it is jealously clogged with such a tribute to the old system in the shape of "pass" examinations in gerund-gripping and rule-of-three, ironically styled classics and mathematics, as to render it practically almost of no effect. Now, why cannot the DEAN strike off these fetters with his own hand from those numerous members of his house to whom the mere degree is of no consequence, and who have no chance of gaining honours in classics or mathematics, by allowing them to remain their time at college without going up for all the "pass" examinations of the University, provided they study industriously in their own line, and give the House proof of their doing so at its own terminal examinations? He might, by so doing, lead to more extensive measures of emancipation. The second improvement we recommend with the greater confidence because it was proposed by the DEAN himself as a member of the first Oxford Commission. It is the abolition of the social distinction of "noblemen" and "gentlemen commoners," and the establishment of perfect outward equality—saving, of course, academical rank, among all the members of the House. We know that ingenious defences for these distinctions have been made, as ingenious defences have been made for every nuisance and absurdity on earth. But states-

men, academical as well as political, must look to broad results; and the broad result of the system of "noblemen" and "gentlemen commoners" at Christchurch is, by universal acclamation, pronounced to be tuft-hunting, with all its deleterious consequences both to the worshipping and to the worshipped fool. Let Christchurch, as a whole, remain what it is—a college for the nobility and gentry, an academical Eton or Harrow; that is the natural course of things. But Eton and Harrow know better than to inflame by artificial stimulants an evil which it may not be in their power to remove.

#### MEXICO.

ANY one who has sufficient susceptibility to be made melancholy by the crimes and miseries of distant portions of the human race may reserve his blackest gloom for the thought of Mexico. A country on which nature has lavished her choicest gifts, which has been the seat of two most remarkable eras of semi-civilized splendour, and which was the prize of the greatest and most chivalrous nation of Europe, has ended in a reign of the most hopeless anarchy, in the saddest degradation of man, and the most utter waste of natural gifts that is to be met with on the earth. It is difficult for us to realize to ourselves the state of Mexico. We can just understand what is meant by political lawlessness—we can fancy what would be the state of things if every petty town of a large territory were the centre of a different political party, and if each party were ready to shed blood, break oaths, plunder, insult, and ruin all opponents. But what we cannot understand is the degradation of a mongrel race. The wretched inhabitants of Mexico are sprung from the union of the Spanish conquerors with the red and black races they enslaved. It would almost be enough punishment to those old adventurers for all their sins towards America if they could hear the ruffians who now stand in their place talking the Spanish tongue. Moreover, Mexico is nominally Christian. It has a religion and priests; and in the priesthood of Mexico we see how low nominal Christianity can go. The whole population, priests and all, are rapidly becoming barbarians; and, in fact, except that they parody some of the forms of civilized government, and kill each other principally with gunpowder, they are barbarians. Asia Minor and North Africa have relapsed from prosperity and civilization into a barbarism as bad as that of Mexico; but then they have been overwhelmed by heathen conquerors. Mexico still belongs to the Christian world. Its revolutions, which occur at intervals of about a month, are still adorned by the most pompous proclamations of the highest principles. The army is, from time to time, solemnly invested with the magnificent titles of "regenerator," and "restorer of guarantees;" and heaven and earth are continually called to witness on behalf of the last general who has executed a *coup d'état*. But this mockery of European civilization only makes the reality of the underlying barbarism more horrible. Nor are there any elements apparent from which a change for the better can be hoped. The old Spanish stock has dwindled away, and, in spite of the grand Spanish names they bear, many of the chiefs who make the land their spoil are, by descent as well as by nature, barbarians. The person who, in some feeble way, represents the principle of constituted authority in the country, and is as much the President of Mexico as a man can be the President of a State abandoned to anarchy, is nearly, if not quite, a pure Indian by descent. The priests add a childish bigotry to the other vices of their flocks; and unless help comes from without, Mexico must soon lose even the semblance of civilization.

Into this bottomless abyss of robbery and insolvency the honest British capitalist has been tempted to fling his savings. It was at the time when the New World was called in to redress the balance of the Old that the process commenced. A region of inexhaustible wealth was about to begin an era of republican liberty under British protection, and wanted nothing but a little ready money to start with. Paterfamilias responded to the appeal. His interest was to be as high as the principles he came forward to support. Unfortunately, he had never taken into account that the noble republicans for whom he was going to provide were a used-up mongrel breed, about as capable of governing themselves as a pack of Australian bushmen, or the Patagonian Missionary Society. The quantity of good British money that has been sunk in the Republics of South America is almost incredible, and year after year the deluded bondholders

have to deplore their credulity. Certainly the defaulting debtors repudiate in very grand language, if that is any consolation to the creditors. The Republic of Ecuador has recently issued an announcement that it declines paying any more dividends at present, and justifies itself on the ground that, "under circumstances of unexpected pressure, a State cannot be expected to pay with its normal regularity." The Ecuador bondholders met the other day, and gave themselves the cold comfort of passing a unanimous resolution that the conduct of the Republic is wholly unjustifiable. But we fear that, in the language of a Transatlantic poet, "no words can describe how entirely a South American Republic would be at ease" under the censure of an English meeting. The Mexican bondholders and the merchants interested in that unhappy country have also just taken a step which is likely to be as ineffectual as passing a vote of censure. They have addressed a memorial to Lord JOHN RUSSELL, asking him to instruct the British representative in Mexico to consult with the interests of our traders; and Lord JOHN RUSSELL replies that he is "fully aware of the evils" of which they complain, and will instruct her MAJESTY'S representative to "use every exertion" for the attainment of an object which he evidently regards as little better than hopeless. The difficulty is not to decide what ought to be done, but to get it done when it is decided on. Mexico is in a state of chronic civil war, and there is no Government to appeal to. Nominally, there are two parties—the Constitutionalist or Conservative, which is technically considered to be now in power, and the Liberals. The only assignable difference between them is that the priests are on the side of the former, and it may be observed that the priests are the only people in Mexico who have any definite and intelligible end in view. They are trying to get a law repealed by which a great portion of the landed possessions of the Church was confiscated. This is something worth struggling for, and they seem to bring to their side the superiority which attaches to having a clear point to aim at. For the last two years the Conservatives have had the best of it, and the balance of revolutions and pitched battles may be said to be in their favour. But far from being in a position or a mood to help British traders, it was this party that, a year and a half ago, set the example of exacting forced loans, and of declaring that the loan was demandable from resident strangers as much as from native Mexicans. The generals who were conducting their own private revolutions in different parts of Mexico imitated the established authorities, and the happy idea of plundering under cover of the law has been welcomed with universal applause. How can any amount of consulting, and advising, and protesting be expected to bring these robbers to their senses, and persuade them that honesty is the best policy?

If we may trust the abridgment of the PRESIDENT'S Message which has come over from the United States in anticipation of the Message itself, the Government of that country has made up its mind to take a very serious step with regard to Mexico. It intends to repeal the neutrality laws so far as Mexico is concerned, and to permit American citizens to enlist in the service of the Mexican authorities. The United States, it should be understood, do not recognise the same PRESIDENT whose claims are allowed by England and France. They prefer to deal with a PRESIDENT who heads a revolution at Vera Cruz. But it makes little difference, as all parties are equally bad; and when once the North Americans get a footing in the country, the issue will be the same whatever pretender may call them in. If the horse is willing to accept the service of the man against the stag, the enterprising citizens of the States will probably flock to so certain a spoil, and with the greatest pleasure and the greatest ease will first aid the Liberals, and then proceed to regulate the affairs of the Conservatives. England may survey this indirect intervention without the slightest jealousy. To come under the rule of a strong Government is the only possible hope for Mexico, and the last chance of the British capitalist is in the advent of rulers sufficiently enlightened to think it worth while to pay him a fraction of his debt. But the friends of the United States must look on this intervention in Mexico as perilous, even if they acknowledge it to be not wholly unwarrantable. Central America threatens to be to the States something of what Ireland has been to England. How, on the principles of democratic liberty, are the States to govern a population of bigoted Roman Catholics and bastard Spaniards? By annexing, directly or indirectly, the petty States



that lie towards the Isthmus, they will rid themselves of a great impediment to their trade, and open to the tribes they absorb the new sensation of an endurable existence. But they will encumber themselves with an alien race too high for slavery, too low for freedom, and separated from them by the strongest barriers of creed, tradition, and sentiments. We can hardly wish this to happen, even though it made Mexican stock go up in the market, and rendered the British trader as safe at Vera Cruz as at New Orleans.

#### THE PERSONNEL OF THE FRENCH NAVY.

A FRENCHMAN lamenting the inadequacy of the EMPEROR's naval preparations is a curiosity worth studying. M. LOUIS REYBAUD has appeared in this character in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and it is not unimportant to observe the ideal standard which he places before himself, and the especial capacities which he exacts from the navy of his country. The enormous development of the maritime power of France since LOUIS NAPOLEON seized his throne has been so marked, and is so universally known, that there seems at first sight something absurd in the fancy that France is lagging behindhand in this matter; and one looks with some eagerness to discover where the weak point of the French navy is. M. REYBAUD's particularly clear narrative of the condition and progress of the fleet exposes only one defect. France is encumbered with more ships than she can work efficiently with the means at present available. Building has been pressed on with unexampled energy, while the list of naval officers has been maintained at its old strength, and would seem, if the figures given are correct, to be insufficient for the vast array of ships which the EMPEROR now possesses. If the whole existing fleet were in commission, France would, according to the estimate of the *Revue*, require 1475 officers up to the rank of Captain, actually afloat. The number said to be on the official lists is 1530, leaving a margin of only fifty-five to provide for all the contingencies of war. As a patriotic Frenchman, M. REYBAUD eagerly exhorts his Government to restore the balance between the *personnel* and the *matériel* of the fleet by supplying the lack of officers. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the French navy is suffering from an excess of ships than from a deficiency of captains and lieutenants; but we can scarcely expect that the disproportion between the two will long be allowed to impair the efficiency of the enormous armaments with which LOUIS NAPOLEON threatens to compete with us for the supremacy of the sea. Not only in the list of officers, but even in the force of seamen, M. REYBAUD affects to discover an alarming deficiency. He calculates that the French fleet, as at present constituted, will demand an active force of 70,000 men, with a reserve in immediate readiness of about 10,000. The *inscription maritime* includes, it is said, 90,000 trained seamen; and while insisting on the right of the State to summon them all at any moment on board of the fleet, M. REYBAUD recognises the extreme hardship of such a measure, and proposes to limit the demands of the State to 45,000 at any one time, leaving an equal number of able seamen as a permanent reserve for this part of the force. At the same time, it is suggested that the repugnance which is acknowledged to exist in the minds of French sailors against their navy should be mitigated by an increase of pay and a limitation of the period of service; and just as we complain that the more liberal terms offered in the United States tempt our best seamen to enter a foreign service, so it is said that French sailors are driven by the severity of the naval conscription and the meagreness of the Government pay (less than 15*l.* per annum) to ship on board the merchantmen of England and America. How much truth there is in these complaints it is not very easy to determine; but there can be no doubt that the French system, effective as it is in providing trained crews at a moment's warning, must be felt as a severe burden by the seafaring population of the country.

Besides the *inscription maritime*, which extends to all persons in any way connected with the sea, the French Government has other resources from which the complement of a ship can always be made up. The levy of landmen for service afloat admits of extension as easily as the army itself. At present the proportion of landmen is not allowed to exceed one third of each crew, and as these men are in fact highly trained marine artillerymen, it is not likely that the efficiency of the fleet is much impaired by such an admixture. In order to make up the 80,000 men which M. REYBAUD con-

siders necessary as the full complement of the French navy, he proposes to man their steam fleet in future with sailors and trained landmen in equal proportions, so as to render it possible to relax the demands of the State upon the seafaring population. The schools of gunnery and musketry also turn out a considerable number of sailors trained as highly as the best of our own seamen in gunnery, and help to relieve the commercial marine from the excessive demands upon it. If we had the means of manning our ships with the rapidity which the French system ensures, we should probably be well enough contented with the result; and it is a significant fact that French writers are not satisfied with a machinery by which the mercantile navy of France is made to furnish a far steadier supply of seamen to the fleet than we are able to obtain from a marine of three or four times the extent. Probably nothing short of equality with England will ever satisfy the naval enthusiasts of France; and though we know that we both can and must maintain our old superiority, in order to compensate for the smallness of our army and to protect our enormous commerce, we have no right to complain if France chooses to challenge us to a race in which we believe that we must eventually be the winners. M. REYBAUD disclaims, with amusing zeal, any aggressive disposition, and insists, as he has a perfect right to do, that France, no less than England, is entitled to judge of the measures necessary for her own defence. He observes, with admirable simplicity, that to bring the *personnel* up to the level of the *matériel* of the fleet is not a question of augmentation, but of equilibrium. Science and system demand that the due proportion between the ships afloat and the officers and crews to man and command them should be observed. The increase in the force of ships is an accomplished fact—the corresponding increase in the crews is an inevitable corollary. Whether the building of so large a fleet—including, as we gather from M. REYBAUD's list, seven large and thirty-one smaller vessels sheathed in iron or steel—was or was not an act of an aggressive character, is a question judiciously put aside as relating to the past rather than the present. There the ships are, and it would be simply illogical and inconsistent, it is said, to leave them without an adequate supply of officers as well as men. What the defensive purposes may be which require so large a force, it is not thought necessary to explain; and as M. REYBAUD observes, with commendable audacity or happy irony, France has given pledges so sincere and so numerous to peace and the English alliance, that she may be allowed to attend to the wants of her maritime establishments without having her intentions misunderstood.

There can be very little doubt about the purpose of a naval force of 150 ships and 80,000 men, in the hands of a country so safe from attack as France; and, except with the hope of disputing, when occasion may serve, the claim of England to be the first of the maritime Powers, preparations on such a scale would be wholly unintelligible. The lesson to be learned by us is plain. While Frenchmen are busying themselves with the improvement of the already efficient organization of their *inscription maritime*, no effort should be spared on our side to remedy the much more serious defects of our system of manning the fleet. In a few days the trial of the Reserve experiment will commence, and it will not be long before its probable issue may be predicted. But even if it succeeds, as we hope it will do, in creating a strong force of volunteers on paper, something more will be wanting to secure the willing attendance of the men when summoned to arms. We have, or ought to have, one especial advantage over all other Powers. Our crews may be difficult to collect, and very much in want of training when they first ship on board a man-of-war; but they are free volunteers, and not reluctant conscripts. It is a matter of vital importance in the constitution of our Reserve that the call to arms should not be regarded with the same aversion which, according to M. REYBAUD, is felt by the victims of the French conscription. The cheap device of compulsory service has been long given up as impracticable here; but we should be uniting the evils of the two opposite systems if we were to keep up a costly force of volunteers with the terms of service so arranged as to make them join the flag with the temper of pressed men. The working of the new scheme will need close watching to make it really serviceable; and whatever care may be taken in the selection of the Reserve, we doubt whether we are yet in possession of any means for manning the fleet which can compare with those at the command of France, insufficient as M. REYBAUD deems them.

## THE WHOLE DUTY OF YOUNG WOMEN.

WE do not see why this generation should not be put in possession of a series of works which should embody and explain the Whole Duty of Young Women. Very considerable approaches have already been made to attaining this object; and if the vast amount of zealous labour available for the purpose were properly distributed and organized, there is no reason why the task should not be completed in a few years. Of course it could not be done on the pattern of the *Whole Duty of Man*, which is a heavy book in one volume. But it might be done in, let us say, fifty two-volume novels. In a hundred prettily-bound volumes it would surely be possible to anticipate almost every circumstance in which a young woman could be called on to act, and most of the appropriate reflections which her position ought to awaken in her mind. A tale has lately been published called *Aggesden Vicarage*, which certainly should form part of the series, and would serve as a very good model for other writers to copy. This tale gives the account of a clergyman's family in which a young governess spends a year and a-half. It describes the characters and portrays the moral conflicts, backslidings, and triumphs that fall to the lot of the numerous children with whom the clergyman is blessed, and sketches the relations in which the parents and the governess on the one hand, and the children on the other, find themselves placed. Evidently there is ground enough opened here to permit the erection of a large superstructure of moral analysis. *Aggesden Vicarage* is a fair specimen of the kind of book to which it belongs; and we can only say that if young women read carefully and habitually forty-nine other tales like it, and did not then know how to behave themselves, no book could teach them. In point of literary ability, this seems to us the best of all the imitations of Miss Yonge. It is the most clever, readable, and entertaining. It also shows that the writers of this kind of literature have now attained a point of freedom from the ties of religious parties that adapts their books for general acceptance. The very good young man of the tale goes to Exeter Hall; but then nothing but the obstinacy of his fine relations prevents his being married by banns. Of course, like its predecessors, it is eminently genteel. Not only does the favourite young lady secure an earl, but the Christian pastor himself acknowledges that he should not quite like to see one of his children "marry a Hopkins." The morals, we may add, seem to us right throughout the book; and we fancy that we can trace, both from the mottoes at the head of the chapters and other slight indications, that the influence of the works of Mr. Robertson has told most beneficially on the mind of the writer. *Aggesden Vicarage* is a book to which we can make no objection whatever.

What we chiefly care to notice in the book, however, is the thoroughness with which the writer has set herself to investigate and determine the duty of young women, so far as her limits will permit. Her object is, by minute painting, to set and solve moral difficulties. In order to effect this she must not be too proud to be really minute, and must really describe very little and trifling things, such as happen every day in family life; and secondly, she must show that what we may term moral crises, and not external events, are the sources of interest to which she wishes to appeal. We will give one or two examples to show how the lady has set to work, and what others must do who wish to contribute to the great series in which the *Whole Duty of Young Women* will be ultimately expounded. A striking instance of the minuteness and accuracy of her workmanship presents itself in the introduction of a child who is too young to speak plainly, and whose utterances are all set out in baby language. It is something like minute painting when we get such sentences as "Zoo funny man, it was oo ouself that was very naughty," accurately reproduced in a printed book. As an instance of the smallness of the difficulties touched upon, we may take one that occurs at the beginning of the book. The governess arrives at the vicarage in the evening, and next morning she finds that her carpet-bag has been taken up to her room, but not her box. Here is a difficulty at once natural and important, and yet likely to have been passed over by a superficial novelist. She cannot get at her clean things, and what is she to do? Is she to give way to her temper and make a fuss till she gets her box up? Not so. Bridget contentedly smooths and straightens her dirty collar and cuffs till she makes them look as nice as she can, and then goes good-humouredly down-stairs. We could wish, by-the-by, that the authoress had attended to the soap question. It is a great trial to have that peculiarly hard and white sort of soap which is often provided in the country, and which feels in the hands like a slightly greasy pebble. If Bridget had that sort of soap, did she command her temper while using it? However, the point is not very important, and can at any rate be left for another tale of the great series. The authoress is equally successful in keeping the moral interest above the interest of mere plot. There is necessarily some slight thread of story running through the book, and although the interest of the plot is not very great, we naturally wish to see how the tale ends. The last chapter before the final winding-up is called "A Discovery," and the announcement makes us expect that at last we have arrived at the great event which is to arrange the characters of the novel on a new pattern. We read this chapter through, and find that the discovery consists in this:—a young lady of sixteen, who supposes herself, and is deservedly

supposed by her family, to be unusually good, finds that she is absolutely a little jealous of another young lady somewhat prettier, more accomplished, and more showy than herself. The discovery does not lead to anything except the good girl confessing her passing irritation to her papa, and vowing not to be naughty again. The introduction of this incident at the close of the tale is a striking proof of the pertinacity of the authoress, and a strong rebuke to those who wish to find in books treating of the Duty of Young Women any interest exalted above that which the consideration of that Duty involves.

When we read *Aggesden Vicarage*, we understand how and why it is that works of this sort are, with a very large class of people, entirely superseding sermons and tracts. The preacher brings out his old excellent familiar sentences, the tract opens out its dreary mass of conventional phraseology, but the hearer or reader cares neither for one nor the other, and is absorbed in the investigation of moral puzzles. A pleasant veil is thrown over the process by the theory that the young woman gets principles from the sermons and learns to apply them from the novel. But really the application is everything to her. A mind that can unite casuistry with a love of broad principles is so rare that it need not be taken into account. In most cases, when casuistry is once taken up, it dominates the whole mind; and the theory on which these tales illustrative of the duty of young women are based is exactly that of casuistry. We are accustomed to mix up casuistry with the history of the Jesuits and the use of the confessional, but the connexion is only accidental. Casuistry means the elaboration of a system of morals by anticipating the greatest possible number of cases of difficulty, and determining beforehand how the questions these cases raise ought to be decided. The perfection of casuistry would be to construct a sort of moral dictionary, to which persons in doubt could refer at pleasure and find the guidance they wanted under the proper heading. Scarcely any pursuit of the human mind is more fascinating to those engaged in it, as none so constantly taxes their ingenuity for an end which may plausibly be represented as of the highest use to mankind. Whatever pleasure casuistry can afford to the casuists, and whatever good it can do to others, is reaped from the composition of novels like *Aggesden Vicarage*. The novelist sets herself to think what occurrences are likely to bring what qualities of young women into play, and to devise many hypothetical cases in which she may show what ought to have been done, either by contrasting the ill effects resulting from taking an opposite course, or by holding up the example of an imaginary character acting rightly. If the powers of the authoress were sufficient, and if her space were practically unlimited, she might in this way anticipate most of the positions of moral embarrassment in which young women of a certain rank in English society are likely to be placed. Thus, if her decisions were worth adopting, she would give a system of morals to a portion of her countrywomen. We do not know that it would be possible to enlarge this system of casuistry so as to embrace the needs of more than a limited section of society. The novelists can only deal with the people they know. The poor people in these books think and act, not as they could act or are likely to act, but as good young ladies would wish them to act, or fear that they might act. But for all those who are included in the vague term "ladies," with their teachers and personal attendants, the system of casuistry may be completed with tolerable accuracy and fulness. As a matter of fact, it is being constructed, and no contribution towards it has been so successful as *Aggesden Vicarage*, because it is more free from party spirit than any other. But in applying to these novels a word which, like "casuistry," is in accidental disfavour, we must observe that here we see casuistry without any of the accompanying drawbacks with which it is ordinarily associated. So far from these novels necessarily leading to a system of confession, the appeal to a book is essentially different from application to a living person invested with the power, not only of guidance, but of releasing the applicant from the burden attendant on previous deviations from the right road. Nor is it probable that the reader will pass, even in thought, from the book to the writer, as we may be sure that the world must be very much altered before women would wish to confide their failings to each other. This casuistry is also free from the dangers which must threaten every system of morals constructed and administered by a body of men isolated from the general interests of society, like the members of the Romish religious orders. The lady casuists of England not only write from the bosom of families, and make their decisions as public and common as the success of their tales will allow, but they write under the influence of a lay society, and of the secular thoughts that are working in the mind of the generation to which they belong.

Many persons are so constituted that they can never find any pleasure or interest whatever in small casuistical questions. They have not received from nature or cultivated by art the habit of argumentative scrupulousness. Others delight in nothing so much; and when once the habit is formed there is no end to the doubts which the least action may raise. After reading a few novels like *Aggesden Vicarage*, and knowing a few persons whose minds are inclined to domestic casuistry, we see how much may be said on both sides of the tiniest question, and how the simplest act may raise unlimited scruples. Let us suppose that a young lady is at tea, and wants the sugar. Is she to ask her next neighbour for it? Perhaps no question could be put to which



the answer could seem more obvious. But we feel sure that an argumentative and scrupulous young casuist could raise a point or two about it. She might urge on her own consideration that she would give her neighbour trouble, and that a proper respect for the feelings of others should keep her silent. She would also attract the attention of the rest of the company by the request; and would not this be a departure from feminine modesty? Might she not also run the risk of setting younger persons the dangerous example of being, or seeming to be, anxious to get good things? Again, her next neighbour might be going to say something pleasant and profitable for the whole company to hear, and her request might put him out and prevent his saying it. Is her miserable wish for sugar to prevent a large party from listening to something that would amuse or instruct them? Then, to abstain from getting the sugar would be an act of self-denial. It would discipline the appetites, it would strengthen the character, it would assist in keeping the body in subjection. On the other hand, if she asks for the sugar, what does she get? Mere sugar, in which there is no moral gain at all. We confess these arguments seem to us so good that we do not think any right-principled heroine will ever ask for sugar again. Is it not easy to conceive the fascination which the process of building up such arguments must possess for an ingenious young woman? But the novelist has a further pleasure. She has not only to raise these questions, but to solve them. She has to lay down under what circumstances, for what persons, and with what mental reserves, it is right to ask for sugar. And if she performs her task well, her book is hailed with delight by the casuistical public. For not only do the casuists like to see their difficulties understood, but they like to have a definite answer from an external source, provided that answer comes to them with the authority which it must possess if it proceeds from a writer who can construct an entertaining story and produce the impression of rectitude and ability.

We do not mean to say that *Aggesden Vicarage* is entirely, or even mainly, devoted to the determination of minute points of casuistry. It is a good book written by a clever woman, and takes in big matters as well as small. But it is true of it, as of the whole literature to which it belongs, that its chief merits are casuistical; and we think it equally indisputable that the great cause of the popularity of such books is that they possess the charm and afford the help which casuistry possesses and affords. We do not profess to admire casuistry as a moral system, or to think a theory of education based on it the highest possible. But it must be allowed that there are minds which not only delight in it but profit by it, and which seem incapable of understanding that morals may be a reality and have a binding force, although they cannot be mapped out with a definite adjustment of a particular precept for every combination of circumstances. We prefer that young women should be good and happy without knowing, or caring to know, their whole duty. There is a want of greatness in casuistry—a separation from all first-rate excellence—that makes it desirable to avoid it. While contemplating really great things, or reading great books, or communing with great minds, we feel as if there was no use or meaning in busying ourselves for ever with little scruples of conscience. It is also to be kept in mind that writing and reading casuistical novels may degenerate into a very profitless amusement, and that the conscience may be made much too scrupulous for any healthy activity. But as most young women do not care for anything great, seldom come in the way of it, and as seldom know if when they have it presented to them—and as their life and its aims and interests are necessarily small—it may be a good thing for them to encourage the habit of looking on little things in a kindly light, and keeping their consciences up to the quivering point. The general influence of such books as *Aggesden Vicarage* does much more good than harm, although we suspect that by the time the theory is thoroughly worked out, and the *Whole Duty of Young Women* is written, a reaction will come, and casuistry will go out of fashion as much as sermons have gone out of fashion under the pressure of casuistical novels. On the very day, perhaps, when the hundredth volume of the series is put in the windows of the booksellers, some one may preach a sermon at once true, new, interesting, and short, and then preaching will come into vogue, and the *Whole Duty of Young Women* will be sold cheap.

#### GENIALITY.

THERE are few words which have obtained greater currency of late years than "geniality," and the popularity of any word which describes mental peculiarities is always a circumstance worth notice. "Genial," in the last century, was a word which was only saved from the imputation of being pedantic by its claim to be poetical. When Gray said of the obscure heroes of Stoke Churchyard—

Chill penury repressed their noble rage  
And froze the genial current of their souls—

he was thinking, as he constantly did, rather of the Latin poets than of the English language, and he probably failed altogether to convey any very definite notion of his meaning to the vast majority of his readers. In our own times, the use and the meaning of the word have both become popular. One of the commonest of the laudatory phrases which form the stock in

trade of a certain class of reviewers is—"This is a thoroughly genial book." It is a word which is used when it is desired to praise a man's temper, not so much at the expense of his understanding as at the expense of the carefulness and accuracy of his style. It is not common to speak of a book as genial which is written in a style thoroughly formed and well considered. All the higher qualities of the mind, in so far as they are expressed in style, are, if not opposed to geniality, at least foreign to it. Clearness, force, logical arrangement, beauty of thought and expression, may not only exist apart from geniality, but generally are apart from it. The writers who have the highest reputation for this quality are usually too well pleased with themselves, and far too intent on pleasing their readers, to give themselves the trouble of measuring their thoughts or their phrases with any great amount of care. Indeed, they almost always rely for their popularity, especially in the case of a school which is obtaining a noxious degree of influence in the present day, on a studied negligence and license of expression, which sometimes becomes the most odious of all mannerisms.

The principal element of geniality is, no doubt, the power of, and taste for, enjoyment. A "genial" writer is almost always a writer who not only enjoys the act of writing—for this is frequently the case with the bitterest of cynics—but has a sort of affection for the things about which he writes, and feels all the kindly elements of his nature drawn out by their contemplation. A genial novelist likes his characters, and a genial essayist puts forward pleasant views of men and things. The word is not so frequently applied to the graver and more sustained kinds of composition. People do not talk of genial history, genial science, or genial treatises on morality; and if they do talk sometimes of genial philosophy, it is because philosophy, in these days, is much addicted to preferring the shooting-jacket and slippers of reviews and magazines to the more carefully adjusted dress which is appropriate to elaborate books.

The opinion that the power of enjoyment and the taste for enjoying life are not only not universal, but even rather uncommon, is one which will surprise no one who has observed with anything like attention the habits and feelings of any considerable number of his fellow-creatures. Most people start in life with a certain friskiness of temper, but even in boys this is a very uncertain and intermitting state of mind. The common impression made perhaps on men in general, but certainly on Englishmen in particular, by the observation of life is extremely sedate and commonplace. An indefinitely large proportion of the energy which is employed in life is employed upon those great standing occupations by which society is carried on; and, though these occupations are the source of "constant and almost endless variety of satisfactions to the persons who are sedulously engaged in them, those satisfactions are almost always of a very quiet sort. They consist far more in the general sense of life, vigour, and interest which is attached by the constitution of our nature to the successful prosecution of any occupation whatever, than in that sort of dwelling on, and revelling in, something pleasant which is implied by the word enjoyment. Dryden's celebrated lines embody, in a very few words, an accurate view of this distinction:—

Glory is an empty bubble,  
Warfare is but toil and trouble,  
Never ending, still beginning,  
Fighting still, and still destroying.  
If the world is worth thy winning,  
Think, oh! think it worth enjoying.  
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
Take the goods the gods provide thee.

Whatever Timotheus might say or think, the greatest part of the happiness of the world lies in the toil and trouble never ending, still beginning, with which he contrasts in so emphatic a manner the temper which contentedly dwells upon and enjoys the goods the gods provide. This enjoying temper is precisely that which constitutes what is known as geniality. Horace's picture of the man who "indulges his genius" is made up of plenty of logs on the hearth, and a day passed in drinking, whilst Soracte is white with snow; and the popular notions of Christmas run parallel to this in a very curious manner.

The greatly increased importance attached of late years to this temper of mind is a very curious and significant fact; and it is still more curious and significant that almost all popular writers seem to feel that to be without it is not only a defect on their part, but a sort of sin which they make the most frantic efforts to avoid. This factitious geniality divides itself into two main branches, one of which owes its origin principally to quasi-artistic, and the other to quasi-theological considerations. The former class of writers constitute what may be called the neo-Cockney school. They are gentlemen whose theory of literature, like that of their predecessors of thirty years ago, is that the rules and principles which were formerly supposed to be authoritative on the subject are exploded, and that the true method of writing is for the author to put himself at once upon terms of the most unrestricted familiarity with his readers, to take every sort of liberty with them, to joke and gambol before them on every occasion, and to be constantly clapping them on the back, and calling them "old fellow." This art has occasionally been cultivated by men of really great powers, of whom Professor Wilson was perhaps the most remarkable. The broad Scotch, the whisky, the sporting, and all the other drapery of the *Noctes Ambrosiana*, were only modes of perpetually pressing on the attention of the readers of *Black-*

*wood's Magazine* the reflection that its principal contributors were uncommonly jolly fellows, who enjoyed life in the most extraordinary manner. A little of this is all very well; but it is curious to observe how very soon we get more than enough of it. When the whole series of the *Noctes* came to be published, the most ardent Scotchman must have felt that the four or five volumes acted upon the intellectual appetite much as the six Solan geese acted upon the physical appetite of the *gourmand* in the old story, who ate them as a whet. In the case of the swarm of small writers who have not a spark of Professor Wilson's powers, the effort to be genial becomes, or rather is from first to last, simply disgusting. One of these gentlemen, for example, wishes to give the public an account of a railway accident at which he was present. The genial mode of doing so requires that he should begin with an account of his breakfast, and hints about his landlady. So he leads off thus:—"Breakfast. Hot coffee and buttered rolls. Splendid coffee—how I admire you, Mrs. Jones! The juiciest of mutton-chops. I could kiss you, Mrs. Jones!" and so on through any number of little jerking collections of words, which have as much claim to be considered sentences as a polypus has to be treated as a vertebrate animal. This style of writing is only a way of saying to all whom it may concern, "See what a pleasant, lively fellow I am! What a fund of enjoyment and animal spirits I possess! See how I overflow with playfulness and frolic, and admire and love me accordingly."

The other class of genial works to which allusion has been made consist principally of novels written by men who consider themselves bound to protest against ascetic views of religious belief in favour of that sort of theology which pervades Mr. Kingsley's publications. This way of writing is a great deal better than the Cockney style, for those who adopt it are generally men of much more thought, education, and refinement than the gentlemen who view literature as a sort of Astley's Amphitheatre, which they are to enter head over heels, shouting "here we are again;" but they agree with them in the determination to put a cheerful enjoying colour upon life by some means or other. The device to which they most commonly resort is the introduction into their books of a superabundance of amusements and adventures, and the endowment of their heroes with every conceivable attribute of physical perfection. The athletic and courageous clergymen, the sturdy infidels who are converted to a manly Christianity, and marry lovely schoolmistresses in consequence, the accounts of hunting, fishing, shooting, and boating which fill so large a portion of the books to which we refer, are introduced for the sake of the inference that righteous, God-fearing men (the word "religious" has a bad reputation with writers of this school) enjoy the world in which they live, and the existence to which their Maker has introduced them.

To many—we should suppose to most readers—the writers of the one school are simply disgusting, whilst the confident bearing of the other is not free from a strong tinge of swagger and a strong suspicion of hollowiness. The truth is, that enjoyment forms an exceedingly small element in the life of most men. The material of which life is made may be, and probably in many cases is, satisfactory, for there can be no doubt that if life not only was an evil, but was felt and perceived to be such, the population would be speedily thinned by suicide or by vice. People would not bring into the world and rear up families of children, if they did not on the whole find life a pleasant thing. It does not, however, follow that because they find it pleasant they enjoy it. With the immense majority of men, enjoyment is a casual and transitory state of things, which fills up only their lighter moments, and has not much to do with their deepest feelings and most permanent concerns. To this large majority, therefore, geniality is very frequently unwelcome, or, at least, it is only welcome because it takes them out of themselves, and leads them into a train of thought and feeling foreign to that in which the greater part of their lives is passed. For a man who has no wish to protest against this habitual level of feeling, who recognises it as the fixed and proper temper of mind in which life ought to be passed, geniality has comparatively few charms. It is at best an elegant amusement for an occasional state of mind; but if it is habitually indulged and artificially forced to pervade all the relations of life, it becomes as nauseous as sweetmeats mixed with meat and bread and cheese. To such persons no comment seems so appropriate to much of the popular literature of the day as the saying of Solomon—"I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it?"

#### LORD PALMERSTON AT ROMSEY.

IF Mr. Disraeli, with or without his customary insincerity, could declare Lord John Russell's honour to be a precious possession of the House of Commons, we may, without the suspicion of flattery, profess an interest in Lord Palmerston's reputation. That reputation belongs to the whole country. For good or for evil, England is for ever wrapped up in her first public man. Lord Palmerston has written no imperishable page in the history of mankind; and if his acquirements and experience have been for the most part exercised on the larger field of our foreign relations, while, with Cromwell and William III. and Mr. Pitt, he has made the name of England the foremost in the conflict of European interests—not, perhaps, without an exaggeration of his personal influence—yet we must concede that he has

not achieved this fame at the sacrifice of those home duties which, less showy and attractive, always tell on public confidence and respect. Lord Palmerston at Romsey is always a pleasant spectacle. After all, the country respects a man as he is in his own hall or at his own fireside. Even George III., one of the weakest of our Kings, preserved a reputation from utter corruption by his naturalness as a Berkshire country gentleman. Cincinnatus at the plough is one of the common-places of history; and Sir Robert Peel at the Tamworth Reading-room and on the Tamworth Railway, though he got laughed at for his feats with the spade and wheelbarrow, not without a certain characteristic pomposity secured much of general respect. Earth we are, and to earth we all return, in another than the Scriptural sense. And Mr. Bright's friends, when, as they always do, they emerge from the cotton-lord grub to the stage of many-acred squires, are wise in their generation. It will be a long time before an historical country reposes anything like confidence on those who are not in some sort autochthones. A country, after all, is not so much an aggregate of mills and factories as of pasture and arable. Even our language recognises the fact that a man's estate is his land. The England of tilth and upland, the England of home-stead and cottage, the England of corn and grass, of sheep and oxen, is the England most cognisable to the senses. The land is the only basis of nationality. This, we suppose, is what Lord Palmerston meant when he pronounced on Wednesday, what looks like a truism, "that unless the soil produced an abundance by the labour of those employed in its cultivation, it would be in vain that industry and ingenuity should combine to increase the wealth and prosperity of the country."

Enough, and perhaps more than enough, of heavy jocosity has been launched at what is called the charlatanism of publicly rewarding with a blue coat and resplendent buttons honest Hodge on the completion of his forty years' diligence in seed-time and harvest, and the absence of the relieving officer from his cottage. And certainly, if the reward was for the moral virtues, such a mode of recognising them is sufficiently absurd. But it is one thing to decorate a man for being a good man, and another thing to decorate him for being a good ploughman. If the life of the peasant is one of substantial duty, it to the full deserves all honourable recognition, as the pension of any other faithful retainer; and, as far as the principle goes, his certificate of merit and the noble lord's blue ribbon stand on precisely the same grounds. The mistake in all this fun is the suppressed premise that a farm labourer is less open to ennobling influences, less grateful for public approbation, less susceptible of the universal passion—the love of fame—than the rest of his kind. We own to the conviction that the sort of thing which is prized by a man in a red coat, earning his shilling a day, is equally intelligible to one in leather gaiters and hobnailed boots, who gets his eleven shillings a week. If the moral fibre of the thresher is coarser than that of the soldier, then airy and fanciful rewards are the surest way to refine our hard-handed brother. We elevate a man by treating him as something higher than what he is; and Lord Palmerston did well in defending the practice of giving honorary rewards to agricultural labourers.

Besides, he might have added—indeed he did add in substance—that in this way to dignify the labourer's calling is only the complement of the recent lift of the farmer's calling, which is one of the best features of our recent social advances. As the farmer rises in the social scale, so must the labourer rise. The farmer is no longer an uneducated boor. To hold his own, he must possess all the acquirements and mental activity of other manufacturers. As the farmer abandons the market-table, so he teaches the hind to desert the pothouse. As the farmer is compelled to avail himself of machinery, and to obtain some practical acquaintance with mechanics, and with chemistry and political economy, so his labourers must rise into the intelligence of skilled workmen. The changes in the Poor-law and in the law of settlement, and the repeal of the Corn-laws, are the levers by which the labourer has been forced to a higher level in the national ranks; and the establishment of farmers' clubs and agricultural colleges, and the improvements attempted in rural benefit societies, and in statute fairs, all bear witness to the fact that the movement is still onward. Lord Palmerston seems to attribute to a deficiency in knowledge of political economy among the farmers the circumstance that agricultural labour is so scarce. But it is difficult to break through a vicious circle. Educated farmers must sooner or later develop an educated class of husbandmen, and wages will follow. And, on the other hand, better wages will make better labourers. The two processes must go on together; but Lord Palmerston is right in saying that the wages must, in the natural order of things, come first. And to this point things are driven by the irresistible stress of the great economical laws. During the last harvest, as Mr. Dutton observed at the Romsey dinner, crops were actually spoiled by the scarcity of labourers. In this state of things, agricultural wages must rise; and now that emigration contracts the labour market, the whole weekly wages, as well as the harvest engagement, must rise—or, better still, which is the tendency of rural economics, most of the farm work must be piece-work. A skilled and high-priced labourer is always the cheapest to the employer; and a high-priced labourer produces a race of educated boys. At present it does not pay for a rural labourer to bring up his sons to his own calling, and it does not pay to keep them



at school while there is a shilling a week to earn at bird-keeping and stone-picking. But it will pay to do both when wages are raised, and it is useless to complain of the small value set upon education by the farm labourer till his employer can see that it is not his interest to let his crops remain ungathered.

Another good point made by Lord Palmerston was his proof that it is the interest of landlords to improve the cottages on their estates. This is the real ground to put it upon; and this is what will alone compel the improvement. Admirable as are all the arguments—social, moral, and sanitary—against the late, or perhaps the existing, condition of labourers' cottages, the only reason that a proprietor can thoroughly understand is his interest. The law of settlement has been the great obstacle to improved accommodation for labourers; and so long as it is the interest of ratepayers to keep down the rural population, it is their interest to resist the multiplication and enlargement of cottages. But the interests of the owners and those of the occupiers of land cannot be separated; and Lord Palmerston has proved the great point, that it is the interest of both owners and occupiers to have a healthy, numerous, educated, and well-paid staff of labourers. It is the farmer's interest, because it is that of all employers of labour. And when this is thoroughly comprehended—and the living race of farmers are rapidly acquiring this element of economical science—when we have improved cottages, village-schools, and a better attendance at them, the scarcity of farm hands will surely, and perhaps rapidly, disappear.

#### MATRIMONIAL LETTER-WRITING.

THE age of chivalry, we know, is dead, and with it much of the poetry of existence has faded into gloom. Sentiment is conventional and self-contained; life has grown horribly unromantic; a chilling shade of monotony hangs over its incidents from first to last. In our very cradles we are matter-of-fact and unimaginative. Dulness marks our manhood as its own, accompanies us through all the tedious journey, and leads us at last to a prosaic grave. The empire of business has fairly commenced; profit and loss reign supreme over mankind, and banish every less tangible consideration. Wood-nymphs that haunted the forest glades have their innocent revelries broken in upon by the saws and axes of advancing civilization; the genius of each solitary spot is startled from his repose by the clatter of wheels or the hum of busy voices; the labourer plods home through the twilight without a thought of the supernatural. Nature has been disenchanted, and our views about her, if more literally accurate, are confessedly far less interesting and picturesque.

Marriage, of course, has fared as badly as everything else. It is a piece of business which lawyers and clergymen transact, and in which the feelings of the parties concerned play but a subsidiary part. Modern lovers are seldom transported into a forgetfulness of their banker's balance, or of the advantages of a cautious settlement. Passion itself has an eye to the Three per Cents., and, in gaining prudence, has become sadly unpoetical. And yet here and there nature remains still herself. Society may be chilling, language may have grown stiff, a frigid demeanour may fitly typify the torpor which reigns within—still there is one department of mundane affairs where a wild impulsiveness lingers unimpaired, and sentiment throws off the petty trammels with which fashion would fain shackle her. The human affections, outraged by unnatural repression, have taken refuge in the postman's letter-bag. If we may judge by the specimens which our Law Courts drag to light, all the pent-up pathos of an undemonstrative age gushes out in the correspondence in which actual or prospective husbands and wives keep each other mutually informed of the state of their affections. Fancy here wanders unrestricted, and she certainly seems to take the fullest advantage of her unaccustomed freedom. We find ourselves at once in Arcadia; the stupid realities of life vanish in the background; here are the shepherds and shepherdesses, with blue ribands and flutes, dancing on the upland lawn, or telling their tale beneath the hawthorn tree, all as actual and genuine as possible. It is really one important result of our trials that they fish up these epistolary gems from the dark unfathomed caves where otherwise they must blush unseen. Deep hidden in the recesses of the lady's desk, or neatly docketed in the gentleman's despatch-box, they waste their sweetness till at last the moment for revelation arrives—some judicial wizard waves his wand—and these treasures of delight are hurried from their retirement, and become the property of the world at large. It is well that it is so. It is good for society to know what little spots of verdure still bloom amidst its arid wastes. It is delightful for custom's slaves now and then to be regaled with a stream of thought so fresh, so natural, so pleasantly corrective of the stimulating drinks which form their ordinary fare. The last few weeks have been unusually productive in this line. A whole autumn growth of sentiment has suddenly burst into flower. The Hon. Mrs. Rowley's is the choicest blossom. At the present season, too, when everybody ought to be brushing up their domestic affections, it is especially valuable. We commend it as a Christmas offering to our readers:—"Not a line from you to-day, you naughty old Dubby! Poor Titty has been very ill to-day. I wish dearest Zooy were here to take care of her. . . ." "I told her you were such a dear, and how Titty loved you. How I detest to be separated from you, my ducky." This touching appeal seems to have roused Dubby into activity, for in the next letter we find him reaping its reward:—"And

did it write a nice little tiny letter to its wifey this morning! Titty was delighted with it, and kissed it over and over again. My darling, dear, dear old pet. Thank God! you say there is a chance of your passing your examination. I knew my dearest Zooy's abilities could do anything he took trouble about. . . . Ever believe Titty to remain, &c. . . ." Titty's spirit of thankfulness for the dear Zooy's intellectual proficiency seems to us particularly touching. Dubby must have been less than man if with such a sweet encourager he did not plunge deeper than ever into his books, wrap his manly brow in a wet towel, and pass the dreaded ordeal with flying colours!

And yet, alas, this summer sky is treacherous—this tropical atmosphere is subject to terrible variations. It has its sunshine, and it is Paradise—its storms, and they are tornadoes. The sunshine passed, and the tornado set in with a vengeance. Just now, if we were to venture upon an imitation of so endearing a style, our conjectures would have to take a widely different range—"Did it follow its little wifey up and down stairs with a chopper? Did it lock its Titty up all alone for seven hours at Meurice's Hotel—did dearest Zooy cut off Titty's hair, or bonnet her with his wide-awake, or pinch her all the way from Frankfort to Mayence?" would be the questions whose settlement, for the interests of both parties concerned, seems the most material. This is what comes of being too impetuous. There was evidently affection enough to have lasted decently through a life-time, if husbanded with a little prudent economy. But such letters as these imply a state of things far too feverish to last. The most determined lover cannot remain for ever at boiling heat. Nature insists upon a reaction. The darling little wifey and the dear, naughty old Dubby get a little tired of each other, and then not a little cross. The bright stream that bore them so smoothly along becomes ruffled and dark; a sentiment that raged just now sinks down and dies; the altar fires burn low, and presently become mere dust and ashes; the shrine is deserted, and the letters, with inconvenient vitality, still remain a mournful monument of an extinguished love.

But the Rowleys are not alone in their glory. There are other and by no means contemptible aspirants to epistolary fame. We go back a week or two in the annals of the Queen's Bench, and we come upon another correspondence of the tropical order. This time it is the gentleman who commits himself. By trade he was a watchmaker, and appears occasionally to have served his country in the Royal Artillery. In the Arcade at the South Eastern Railway station he drove a flourishing trade in clocks. But his feelings were not nearly as well regulated as his timepieces, and a young lady appeared to seek recompence for his fickleness. She was in the confectionery line, and the attachment probably began when the wearied watch-maker sought a solace from the fatigues of a mechanical existence in the transient delights of Bath-buns and ginger-beer. His gushing nature speedily relieved itself by throwing off no less than 375 love letters, some of which were produced in Court. There is a wildness about them, and a slightly involved construction, that bespeak an ardent temperament struggling for expression. "I do hope, dear, you do not doubt me; do you, my girl? I love you as much as ever, dear, and I think of you the same day by day, as I am the same Robert, dear Clara, as I always was." By degrees (it is humiliating to record such frailty), Robert, the *semper idem* of woodcoats, cooled, and condescended to adopt the ignoble pretext of ill-health. Like a shirking schoolboy, he put in an *agrotat*, and Clara naturally became alarmed. His language, however, remained as tempestuous as ever. "I love and honour your dear good heart. I am afraid, dear, I have sunk much in your love. O but do not for a moment think it is for any cause I would not marry you but the one I told you, dearest girl." Clara's feelings, however, were not to be so easily soothed. She pined and fretted in the discharge of her pleasing duties at the pastry-cook's. Tarts had become a cruel mockery—no sugared delicacy could reach the sorrow which raged within. She had but one comfort—a photograph of her fickle loved one, in his full artillery uniform. By degrees her inattention to the tarts became so excessive that the pastrycook dispensed with her services; and the jeweller, who by this time had his eye upon another victim, became more wildly oratorical and more entirely unsatisfactory than ever, till at last we leave him ruthlessly joking at the wedding-breakfast which graced his union with the second lady, who we sincerely trust may avenge her predecessor's wrongs, and make her husband as miserable as he deserves.

Next a pastoral scene awaits us, touching in its rural simplicity—two children in two neighbouring villages, playing mad pranks along the healthy leas of Moreton-in-the-Marsh. As they sat side by side at the village school, a mutual attachment sprang into existence. With a charming diffidence the gentleman availed himself of an artificial mode of expression. He shrank from addressing his Lotty in his own rude strains, but he sent her a lock of hair and a valentine. Its language was at any rate sufficiently explicit:—

I love but thee,  
O smile on me.

Lotty was naturally touched, and everything for a while seemed to smile upon the love so clearly expressed and so delicately demanded. Disappointment, however, was at hand. "Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease" was a dream never destined to be realized. By slow but sure degrees, the attach-

ment died away; and when we next take up the correspondence, we find the lover coolly describing himself as "Yours, &c." As the lady's counsel pointed out, there is something extremely suggestive in this unfeeling abbreviation." Fancy peers down into the dreadful chasm that lies between this and his first effusion. History tells us nothing, but we guess the more. The whole gamut of intermediate sentiments must have been run over, as the cooling lover passed in rapid transition from the eloquent brevity of the valentine to the stolid indifference of "Yours, &c." No wonder the outraged Lotty flew for vengeance to her country's tribunals—no wonder an indignant British jury at once espoused her cause, and awarded heavy damages against her unfeeling deceiver.

It is really quite a relief to come down from these romantic heights to the dull level of ordinary and prosaic business. Lovers appear to be rational everywhere except on paper. In the Common Pleas the other day, there appeared as a plaintiff a young lady whose matter-of-fact shrewdness contrasts delightfully with the wild extravagance of most people in her position. She came to "take the law" of an ardent, but capricious tallow-chandler, who had trifled disgracefully with her feelings. "I wish," he was reported to have said, in a conversation with his intended mother-in-law, "I had a house to let you, for you should have it." "I thought," breaks in the prudent young lady, ever with a keen eye to the main chance, "that you had house property." "No," replies the faithless candle-maker, "mine is better—it is ground rents!" One can imagine the glow of satisfaction with which this financial explanation would be given and received, and the prudent young lady's contentment at finding economy and sentiment pointing in the same direction. Prudence, however, alas! as well as passion, was doomed to disappointment. Circumstances shifted, the lover's sky darkened, the young lady found the fickle candle-maker—ground-rents, tallow and all—slipping through her fingers, and with characteristic shrewdness determined to seek in the Common Pleas an atonement for her slighted charms, and a pecuniary recompense for the loss of so much poetic bliss, and so many material advantages.

#### THE UNIVERS UNDER THE THUMB-SCREW.

WE own to a somewhat malicious pleasure in seeing the engineer hoisted by his own petard, when we are certain that the explosive was intended for our destruction. Such would be our feelings at the present condition of the Ultramontane party in France if we could contemplate their discomfiture apart from the general calamity and danger of Christendom and civilization. It is, however, but poor consolation to see a selfish intrigue punished by the success of a cause which that very intrigue had cockered up for the damage of all interests but its own, and which, when it finds itself omnipotent, scorns to draw such fine distinctions as merely sparing its own benefactor. In vain had writers, speakers, preachers, lay and clerical, Romanist and Protestant, pointed out to the Ultramontane faction of France, that on every ground, not of high principle only, but of calculating common sense, it was pursuing a course both narrow and suicidal to the Roman Church itself, in fostering the "Lower Empire" at the expense of all liberty of thought and action. It was uselessly urged upon the *Univers* that the cause of religion had never permanently prospered under an alliance with despotism and reaction—that the friendship of a Cromwell had been fatal to Puritanism, and that of a James II. to Romanism—and that, if it really meant to retain a solid footing for its communion in Europe, it must at least endeavour to appear to be on the side of moderation and rational freedom. Advice like this was vainly offered to the paper which had, in 1848, been most forward and noisy in vowing a slobbering and eternal fidelity to the Republic of Ledru Rollin and Caussidière. It was acknowledged by volleys of garbage, and so the controversy ended. The Ultramontanes went on offering their fetid incense to their idol, until the day came for their own immolation at the shrine of Napoleonic ideas. With the entire French episcopate silenced, and the *mouchard* at every door, what can the poor little "frozen out" *Univers* do? All manly dignity being now lost, it has but to fall back upon the womanly weapons of nagging and inuendo. A notable specimen of this polemic occurs in one of last week's numbers of the paper, in an article, not, indeed, from the pen of the redoubtable Veuillot, but bearing the name of a M. Coquille, who is, we believe, one of the most indefatigable members of his literary staff. M. Coquille, dealing with the relations of Church and State, finds himself wandering into a dissertation upon the code of Justinian, "who threw himself with such ardour into all theological controversies and was a Christian," and on the general condition of the Byzantine Empire, "the vast engine of social pulverization," which he treats with the contempt natural to a citizen of the free and progressive West. We shall not dwell upon the writer's observations on the forced equal partition of property, which are very well expressed. After pointing out how gravely this system militated against the acquisition of individual or national wealth, the natural result is arrived at. "The Lower Empire was encumbered with functionaries—in truth, there were no proprietors." The Judiciary was numerous, and juries had been abolished. "The Greek Empire had then many magistrates, administrators, *employés*. A vast hierarchy of functions and of honours enveloped all society, culminating in the Emperor, the only being endowed with

will and intelligence." Everybody had some distinction. "Men of letters swarmed; there were no more artists, but masons abounded, and the craft of building absorbed the resources of the State." The people were intoxicated with shows. "Neither the Roman Emperors nor the Emperors of Byzantium were able to make their Crown hereditary. Try as they might to associate their sons, during their own lifetime, in the Empire, the death of each of them opened the course again to pretenders." We need not pause to show how peculiarly agreeable the last observation cannot fail to be to Napoleon III. Its acceptability is, if possible, increased by the following sentence, which roundly lays down that this run of ill-luck was not due to any want of enlightenment, courage, or public spirit in these "chiefs of peoples." They succumbed, it seemed, to a situation "stronger than themselves." Their system had undermined the feeling of family security and succession, and it was hopeless to look for permanence in the succession to the Crown. We need not ask, recollecting certain families that called themselves Comnenus and Palæologus, how far M. Coquille's facts bear the strict scrutiny of historical accuracy. His thoughts, when he wrote this passage, were probably some degrees west of the Bosphorus.

The policy of Christianity is the sole preservative of princes against the "intoxication of power." Perhaps M. Coquille may include points under his Christianity which we should not consider justly deserving of that appellation. But still the maxim is in itself deserving of attention at the Tuileries. It will not be forgotten that the actual tenant of that desirable habitation has in his lifetime more than coquetted with Socialism—indeed, the Napoleonic idea may be briefly summed up as a Socialism topped by autocracy. Accordingly we have little doubt that the pregnancy of the following remarks will not be overlooked:—"Let the Socialism of Justinian be judged by its fruits. It produced the Lower Empire. And the Lower Empire, what is it? It is the sophistry of the Greeks associated with the Imperial power; it is the formerly fragmentary Socialism of Greece concentrated under the authority of one single man." The *bonne bouche* is, however, reserved for the conclusion:—"Justinian never received the faith with a simple heart, like Clovis. He bequeathed the collection of his laws, an inexhaustible arsenal of struggles and disputes; the Frank chief bequeathed to his successors the Christian monarchy—the Frank monarchy—better composed than the Digest, more glorious and more durable than the Lower Empire." It is not for us to say whether M. Coquille is correct in identifying the digest of Roman law with the pseudo-Greek empire of Constantinople, but we should be sorry to weaken by any observations of our own the effect of his trenchant preference of the old Frankish monarchy—the correlative, as we have been always taught, of our Anglo-Saxon constitution—over the servile Lower Empire of Socialism, bureaucracy, and despotism. Like him, we are willing to seek the code of Christian law in the bosom of Christian societies, through ages of Christian education, and in the expression of Christian habits and morality, rather than in the "edicts of the prætor." We only regret that these ideas have taken some seven years to germinate in the *Univers*' brain.

So we take our leave of this article with considerable agreement in the parallel which it so ingeniously suggests, but with still more contempt for that Ultramontane party to whose selfish greed Europe owes the possibility of a Lower Empire existing at this day. The Papal community had it in its power to follow the track which patriotism and religion, the teachings of history, and the instincts of the future, pointed out to it, and it might have rendered that ghastly anachronism, if not impossible, at all events exceedingly difficult. In 1852, M. de Montalembert, in his *Intérêts Catholiques au Dix-neuvième Siècle*, declared himself on the side of *l'homme indépendant, de l'honnête homme*. The satellites of the *Univers* took the other line, and preferred to lend their hands towards pushing on the car of Juggernaut; and it was only when they found their own limbs scrunched under its wheels that they began to see how monstrous and obscene an idol they were worshipping. Let them now, if they please, continue to tease the "Byzantine" system so far as the law of the press allows them, or, better still, beyond its narrow permissions. But they must show signs of a longer and a deeper repentance than they have yet given proof of before they can expect to win the sympathy or the confidence of those who desire to see religion, order, and freedom combining towards the regeneration of society. Above all, let them find some better pretext for breaking with Augustulus than their wish to maintain the Papal misgovernment of the Romagna.

#### SUGAR-LOAF COURT.

THE Town Council of Edinburgh is probably not much worse, and certainly not much better, than other corporate bodies of the kind. It would be a joke to say that its members, as a class, are very famous for their enlightenment, or their manners, or their wisdom. A Scotch councillor is usually an animal consisting three parts of a strong belief in Predestination, and one part of a strong liking for "whusky toddy." With all his admirable qualities, theological and social, he is hardly the person into whose hands we should wish to see committed the patronage or the supervision of a National University. Yet till very lately the Town Council of Edinburgh enjoyed the monstrous privilege of electing their University Professors. The



consequences which followed from such a system were just what might have been expected. Without being particularly dishonest, the electors were unspeakably incompetent. Illiterate men, who were scarcely fitted to decide upon the comparative merits of workhouse surgeons, had to judge of the qualifications of candidates for the Chairs of all branches of scientific and literary study, from Hebrew down to Chemistry. The result of the contest depended in no slight degree upon the current which sectarian intolerance or municipal favour in each case might take. Scotch theology, whatever its form, is never entirely what Sydney Smith would have called a "lean" and "job-less" faith. Orthodox north of the Tweed is not unfrequently rewarded even in this world, and the kirks and the cliques divide the spoil. Such a state of things, distasteful as it naturally was to all educated Scotchmen, could not last for ever. By a recent Act of University reform, the patronage of the University was very properly taken out of the hands of the Town Council. A court of seven Curators was established, whose duty was to be the filling up of the Professorial chairs as they should fall vacant. Unfortunately the Legislature which gave the election of Professors to this new body left the election of a distinct majority among the Curators themselves to the Town Council. The University Court, which is entrusted with the appointment of three, had already chosen as its representatives men of the highest character and position—Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Mure, a brother of the celebrated author, and Mr. Maitland, the Solicitor-General for Scotland. Last week the good burghers of Edinburgh met to nominate the remaining members of the future Curatorial Court. The municipality has not been unduly impressed with a sense of its responsibilities. In the face of a vigorous protest from a conscientious though small minority, who perceived the discredit which their fellow-councillors were likely to bring upon them, they have selected as their delegates four persons, three of whom may be briefly described as remarkable rather than distinguished. A sugar-merchant, an attorney, and an old coast-guard captain are henceforth to influence the fate of eighteen Professorships. Municipal independence has been vindicated. Whisky toddy and religious principle once more reign triumphant.

We should be sorry to say a single word that could be construed into a slight upon the sugar trade. Nor would we breathe a syllable in disparagement of attorneys as a class—those bright ornaments of British jurisprudence. As for revenue officers, next to the Established Church and the British navy, they are the bulwarks of the country, and what is worthy of especial note, almost invariably men of sound theological opinion. The heart of many a modern Melancthon beats under a pea-jacket and brass buttons; and smuggled doctrine or a contraband article of faith has no more chance of escaping the vigilant attention of the Revenue than a keg of foreign brandy. If it was merely the Chair of Divinity or the Regius Professorship of Hebrew that was placed beneath their care, nobody, with the exception of course of the Pope, could object to the arrangement for a single moment. Yet those who learn that the presentation to the office of Principal and to all Professorships in the University of Edinburgh depends upon the votes of the Curators, will be tempted to ask whether even attainments so undoubted and a knowledge of life so varied as falls to the lot of most Custom-house officials are of themselves adequate for the proper discharge of these important functions. It is not absolutely necessary that the Curators should be able to spell the names of the Chairs to which it is their duty to elect. Some of these, especially the Latin ones, are difficult enough. But it would certainly be better that they should be competent to do so, and we cannot wonder if Edinburgh gentlemen are indignant that the interests of science and of learning should be committed to the keeping of persons, however excellent, who probably know less about literature than they do about illicit distillation. Cardinal de Monte bestowed a Cardinal's hat upon a valet de chambre because he had shown some discernment in the management of domestic monkeys, and Sugar-Loaf Court itself derives its name from a piece of Royal preferment not less singular or less characteristic of the donor. But it is probably the first time in the annals of the world that a coast-guard, an attorney, and a sugar-dealer have been chosen to direct the destinies of a national University.

The choice of the Edinburgh Town Council is the more remarkable because they had the whole world to choose from. Among the unsuccessful candidates whose claims were thought unequal to the post were men of real merit, and indeed celebrity. Mr. Adam Black, Sir John Melville, Dr. Schmitz, Colonel Mure, Mr. Robert Chambers, and Mr. John Hunter, were each of them proposed, and all of them rejected. A report of the meeting of the Council, and of the speeches of the various members who took part in the election, has appeared in the Scotch papers. The chief argument which was used by the supporters of the fortunate competitors is a striking, if not a conclusive one. It was urged that to appoint as Curators men, however distinguished, who were not Councillors, would be virtually to acknowledge, or as Baillie Grieve classically puts it, to "homologate" the accusation brought against the Council, to the effect that, as a whole, they were unfit to exercise the patronage entrusted to their care. The Corporation, he pursued, would, *ipso facto*, be exposed thenceforward to the contempt of their relentless opponents. It had been no easy matter, said the Baillie, to select four names for nomination.

"Many individuals were well qualified for the office—many had superior claims; and the only difficulty was in selecting four when so many appeared well qualified." Without for an instant disputing the truth of Baillie Grieve's assertion that Captain Peat, Mr. Wood, Mr. Johnstone, and Mr. Fyfe are the very choicest members of the Council, the flower of the municipal flock, it is possible to take a different view of the effect likely to be produced on the public mind by their nomination. Four ignorant and prejudiced men, in a matter of considerable gravity, have succeeded in winning the suffrages of the Council. The accusation brought against the municipality, that it is unfit to exercise patronage, so far from being weakened, is substantiated in the highest degree. If Baillie Grieve and Baillie Blackadder cannot select proper Curators, why should the country suppose that they could, by anything short of a miracle, be led to select proper Professors. They have not raised themselves above contempt—if anything, they have fallen still more beneath it.

It was reserved for Mr. Auchie to make the strangest speech on that memorable day. Mr. Auchie is, we read, an upholsterer—a virtuous and a moral upholsterer. He naturally thinks that those who make chairs are the persons to make Professors to sit in them. Mr. Auchie objects on principle to having for Curators men of literary or scientific note. "He held that men in the position of councillors were even better qualified to exercise the patronage than learned and scientific men, among whom considerable jealousies existed." It is not for nothing that Mr. Auchie has heard of the dangers and temptations to which medical experts are exposed in giving evidence upon a criminal trial. Seated in the serene atmosphere of warehouse furniture, he looks with pitying eye on the spiritual storms that agitate the souls of great authors and great students. He is quite right in looking down upon these latter on the whole. They are poor creatures, and envious—decidedly envious. An honest cabinet-maker, on the other hand, is the noblest work of God, and entirely devoid of all literary partiality, or intellectual prepossession. But it is hardly generous of him to be so severe upon those of his unfortunate fellow-creatures who happen to be educated. They have not had his advantages. It is not everybody that can thank Heaven that he has spent his youth in tying-up the legs of tables in brown matting. While Lord Macaulay, Mr. Gladstone, and Professor Owen are distracted by the demons of jealousy and emulation, how different has been the privileged lot of the upholsterer! He has not warped his faculties by reading works of pedantry. He has taken care to bias his mind by no *ex parte* evidence on literary subjects. He has been particularly careful to steer clear of all foreigneering languages, as being calculated to produce envy. History and poetry are for him what Scylla and Charybdis were to the ancient mariner, though, as a moral man, he does not wish to be understood to object to hymns. He grudges no man his intellectual attainments. No man grudges him his own. When he sinks into the grave, this epitaph, at least, may be written on his tomb:—

He envied nobody, no not he,  
And nobody envied him.

Nothing can, we fear, be plainer than that the recent election of University Curators was a gross and unblushing piece of jobbery from first to last. The orators of the majority themselves confess as much. It is not so much that the local tinkers of the Town Council do not know who are the best men. They take care, first of all, to find them out—they then take especial care not to elect them. Yet we are far from thinking that the course they have lately adopted will be likely permanently to injure the welfare of Edinburgh University. The arrangement by which a voice in the election of Curators has been left to the Councillors was a compromise. It was only procured by their own earnest representations that hitherto they had taken no unfair advantage of the powers vested in their hands. Nobody will henceforth dream of imagining that anything but their entire disfranchisement can approve itself to people of common sense and good feeling. Edinburgh has it in its own power to sanction or to disavow their recent act. A strong expression of indignation on the part of the educated public, and an earnest appeal to the Legislature for its interference—backed, as such an appeal would doubtless be, by the powerful support of the new Rector—could hardly fail of being successful. It is too bad that a state of things which would be inconceivable and impossible in any English university should be legitimized because the university which suffers is a Scotch one.

#### MR. BONWELL.

WE are concerned a good deal more with the accidents and circumstances of Mr. Bonwell's miserable history than with the case itself. Profligacy is always an ugly subject; and when the profligate is a clergyman bound by his vows, by the requirements of society, and by the most ordinary claims of decency, to set a more than ordinarily good example, disgust almost supersedes indignation, especially if, as in this case, adultery, which is scarcely denied, is complicated by a stupendous system of falsehood and deceit which is abundantly proved. But the indignation in this instance—and it is a pity that it is so—is somewhat neutralized by another consideration which must present itself. Mr. Bonwell's stupendous folly, if it does not take off the edge of our disgust, gives rise to another class of

feelings; and the public sentiment which ought to be absorbed by the disgraceful fact of clerical adultery, is almost provoked to laughter, certainly to wonder, by so remarkable an instance of clerical stupidity. We are not going to waste our own or our readers' time, as is the custom of leading articles, with giving an historical *résumé* of a very commonplace case of seduction and adultery—a case which would be remarkable, were not a clergyman the guilty party, for nothing so much as the folly of what the newspapers call the gay Lothario.

The first thing that strikes us is, what very odd phases of clerical life exist. According to Miss Yonge and Miss Sewell, the British parsonage is—and we have no doubt that typically it is—the home of all the proprieties, only disquieted by the not unfrequent small cases of conscience, and the numerous self-searchings and imbroglions of temper between brothers and sisters, cousins and young lady friends, which, according to these authoresses, make up the staple of the married and paternal life of clerical England. Dull and decorous perhaps is this ideal; but anyhow it is not presented at St. Philip's, Stepney. There does not seem to be a parsonage at all; but the parish priest occasionally sleeps at the school-room guiltless of scholars, and occasionally visits his wife, who keeps a day-school near Islington, though he generally lives, *sit verbo venia*, on the loose. The phrase is awkward, but we see no better for the sort of free life which the late Mr. Haynes Bailey described in one of his butterfly ballads. The account of Mr. Bonwell, as Miss Yorath describes him, galivanting at Margate, giving pretty little dinners to a young lady, so "jolly," "at the London," where "we dined all off silver," seeing all the "fun" of the lower strata of metropolitan dissipation, and alternating the Stepney sermons with the Haymarket and all the theatres—and of Mrs. Bonwell cultivating ill-health and the young ideas of Barnsbury Park, where Mr. Bonwell "was to be found occasionally"—strongly reminds us of the

. . . . . gentleman  
Of no very good repute,  
Who roved in the sunshine all day long,  
In his scarlet and purple suit.  
And he left his lady wife at home,  
In her own secluded bower,  
Whilst he, like a bachelor, flirted about,  
With a kiss for every flower.

Though, by way of variety, it was as a widower that Mr. Bonwell flirted about. Now, we wonder whether there are many other such clerical *ménages* as that of Mr. Bonwell. We trust not, and we think not, because, besides the very questionable taste of this sort of vulgar fast life, we much doubt whether any human being could be found, in a position where the decencies of life are of importance, to parade a young woman who happens not to be his wife in the public dining-rooms of London. When the author of this folly is one who must, from his position, be more widely known than most men, we begin to wonder why Mr. Bonwell's friends, if he has any, do not think of the plea of lunacy.

As to the alleged seduction, we make very little of that, as regards the victim. Mr. Bonwell was a lover so impatient that he could not conceal his demonstrative affection, "though he were to be hung for it to-morrow;" but Miss Yorath at thirty-two was perfectly able to take care of herself, and evidently showed that she was not unwillingly won; and it is likely enough that, as far as she was concerned, she was not deceived. It can be believed that she was early aware, as Mr. Bonwell asserts, that her lover was married, and that she was a party to the impudent misrepresentation palmed off on her family and the folks of Newport by the imaginative London clergyman. To be sure, he did the thing in the larger style, and laid on the colours of his picture with a bold hand. To claim at once the friendship of the Bishop of Oxford and the kinship of the Archbishop of Canterbury was a happy stroke of insolence which seems to have thrown even prudent Chancellor Williams off his guard. At any rate, it introduced Mr. Bonwell to his pulpit and supper-table, which must have been a contrast novel in its decorousness to the smoking-room of Mr. Yorath and the nocturnal interviews with Miss Yorath, which, in a country where bundling is not an institution, must have looked scarcely clerical. Into the inner life of this miserable pair, with the certainty of detection and dishonour staring them in the face, still attempting this absurd delusion, and carrying on the farce at Newport, we do not enter. This is too serious a matter. The avenging fiends of conscience, and the approaching Nemesis whose steps could not be averted, stalked on. The poor woman and her partner in sin were surprised, and the premature confinement at the school-room was the moral solution of the plot, and something more than the award of poetical justice to this strange complication of imbecility and profligacy.

The case being substantially undefended—for neither Mr. Bonwell nor Miss Yorath was produced at the preliminary investigation—we regret either that so much was stated, or so little proved in evidence, as to the minor circumstances of the case. The Bishop of London, for example, has been exposed to considerable comment and to some censure for the mode in which he dealt with the case. Early in June, if not in May, it appears that he received information—not from an anonymous letter, but from Chancellor Williams himself (see the report in the *Daily News*)—of Mr. Bonwell's proceedings at Newport. This letter was not produced by Mr. Coleridge, but it must have, in all pro-

bability, contained charges of Mr. Bonwell's duplicity and of his inchoate bigamy. And as Miss Yorath's condition was conspicuous to all her friends in May, it might not improbably perhaps have contained a charge of adultery against Mr. Bonwell. Assuming, however, that it only embodied the fact that a married clergyman of London had represented himself as a widower, and had in this character introduced himself into a respectable family, and had gained that family's assent to his marriage with a clergyman's orphan daughter, we do the Bishop of London justice when we conclude that he only administered a reprimand because the discipline of the Church did not empower him to put a severer law in practice in such a case. And we are the more convinced that the Bishop did not because he could not do more, from the circumstance that the reprimand was given in August, when the fact was known in June, if not in May. Two or three months is a short period for understanding a modern Church Discipline Act, though it may seem a long time for arriving at a conclusion on the facts and on the character of Mr. Bonwell's Newport doings.

The case, however, is not complete without a glance at its incidence on the public. We are assured that the old lion of the Church is *in extremis*—at any rate, the ass flings his heels in the face of the agonizing king. Dr. Godfrey, "in the present state of the Church of England, does not care to acknowledge an acquaintance with a clergyman." It certainly is as well that all parties should understand each other; and Dr. Godfrey and the clergy may be mutually felicitated. The case proved Dr. Godfrey's acquaintance—and Dr. Twiss might, had he pleased, have compelled Dr. Godfrey to admit at least a fourteen years' intimacy—with Mr. Bonwell. But the thing is just as well as it stands. Dr. Godfrey does not choose to acknowledge the Church of England—he has but one acquaintance among its clergy, and that acquaintance is Mr. Bonwell. Will Mr. Bonwell and Dr. Godfrey pair off? Dr. Godfrey is in Mr. Bonwell's confidence, and the couple of friends may be proud of each other. Other clerical friends than Mr. Bonwell Dr. Godfrey is proud—and we are proud—to say, that he, Dr. Godfrey, has not. The Church of England is low indeed, when Dr. Godfrey condescends to cut it. The Church of England, we trust, can endure the loss of Dr. Godfrey's patronage, even though the *Times* asserts that this "flippant remark" "testifies to a wide-spread feeling." We are told on this authority that "there were never more cases of clerical scandal" than at the present moment. And to prove this, the *Times* alludes to the instances of Mr. Bonwell, Mr. Hatch, and Dr. Humphreys, though, by a curious fallacy, Dr. Humphreys is made to do double duty in the roll of recent clerical delinquents. We are told in the *Times* of Saturday that "a layman cannot commit criminal assaults on children, or elope from his creditors with the wife of one of them, or become disgracefully insolvent, without public censure," &c. The inference is that these three cases represent three separate clerical offenders; but the two last descriptions are those of a single offender, Dr. Humphreys. It is a pity that censors do not get all their facts correctly. Dr. Humphreys is not a clergyman—not even a dissenting preacher. He is a lay schoolmaster LL.D., nothing more. As to Mr. Hatch, the case is so profoundly difficult that opinion is very much divided as to his guilt. As to Mr. Bonwell, it is rather a blunder to attribute his existence, as the *Times* does, to the defects of College testimonials, because, if the writer of the *Marelergy* article had gone to the University Calendars, he would have discovered that not only was Mr. Bonwell never a Fellow of Brasenose, as Mr. Coleridge so carelessly called him, but that neither Oxford nor Cambridge has the honour of his academical acquaintance. He writes M.A. after his name, but we should like to see his place in the list of English graduates. How Mr. Bonwell got into orders we know not. How he came to Stepney we do not choose to say. It is enough to remark that Mr. Bonwell exhibits a specimen of a class which is likely enough to become typical. Without academical education, without the manners and habits of a gentleman, promoted to orders on the recommendation either of the cheap and hasty (if not cheap and nasty) academics, or hurriedly imported into the Church on the alleged ground of earnestness, we observe that the ministry of the Church of England is now largely recruited by those who are great proficient in some rigid doctrine of Calvinism—a doctrine, however, combined with very independent views of the doctrine of the aspirote. *Hoc fonte derivata clades*. Short cuts into orders, cheap parsons and cheap district churches have produced the clerical adventurer. This is what Mr. Bonwell represents. It is because Mr. Bonwell is "neither an educated gentleman, nor has a good position, nor has fairly competent means," that he is what he is. The *Times* is quite right in saying that these things ought to keep the clergy respectable; but as long as the clergy have these social recommendations, we urge that the clergy do generally maintain their level of propriety. "Men totally unfitted for clerical life are ordained," we agree with the *Times*; and among these total disqualifications are just such antecedents as those of Mr. Bonwell—no education, no social position, neither competent means nor manners and modes of thought higher than those of a warehouseman's clerk. This is Mr. Bonwell; and this is why many a literate is promoted from the warehouse to the pulpit, in whom, after sometimes fourteen years' struggle with the starvation of a district church, the ancient spots reappear, and the unsuccessful hypocrisy of years collapses in such an outburst of vulgar immorality as in this case.



"Public opinion," it is said, no longer requires that a clergyman should be an educated man or a gentleman. Public opinion must, then, take all the consequences of this view of clerical requisites. Public opinion requires that zeal should have free course, and that education and social requirements are dust in the balance. Mr. Bonwell was well recommended to Brasenose College. He was a zealous pamphleteer and reformer; but he lacked one thing—he was neither a scholar nor a gentleman. We do not say that the possession of these things always keeps a man from Mr. Bonwell's course of life; but it is a fact that this person is deficient in qualifications which hitherto have been demanded of English clergymen, and hitherto have succeeded in contributing not inconsiderably to the respectability of the clerical order. The lesson is not that academical education and academical certificates go for nought, but rather that, where these antecedents are lacking, the ministry of the Church incurs great dangers.

## REVIEWS.

### DARWIN'S ORIGIN OF SPECIES.\*

NOT many years have passed since the reading part of the British public was profoundly disturbed by the appearance of an anonymous work called *Vestiges of Creation*. Few books have at the outset produced more effect. Many readers were fascinated by the boldness, and, as they supposed, the novelty of the author's views. Others, of more serious disposition, were alarmed at the tendency of his theory, which seemed to dispense with the agency of an intelligent Creator in the work of creation. The alarm of the latter class was the greater that, until men of eminence in science buckled on their armour to confront the unknown author of all this confusion, they were sorely in doubt whether any effectual resistance could be offered to the attack that had been made upon established opinions.

To some lookers-on, the most surprising part of the affair was the proof that it gave of the existence of a great unsuspected deposit of ignorance in the very midst of the upper stratum of English society. Except some skill in the exposition of his opinions, and a moderate acquaintance with the results of recent inquiry, the author of the *Vestiges* added nothing to the "development theory" of Lamarck that could weigh with a mind trained to scientific investigation. Two arbitrary hypotheses, sustained by nothing that deserved the name of argument, furnished the basis of his theory. "The creation of life, wherever it takes place, is a chemico-electric operation, by which simple germinal vesicles are produced." All animated beings, "from the simplest and oldest up to the highest and most recent, are the results, first, of an inherent impulse in the forms of life to advance, in definite times, through grades of organization terminating in the highest dicotyledons and mammalia; secondly, of external physical circumstances, operating reactively upon the central impulse to produce the requisite peculiarities of exterior organization." When it was seen that such flimsy speculations as these were able to unsettle the innermost regions of English thought, it became quite clear that it was time to think of including natural science within the range of our educational systems. After causing an amount of disturbance quite disproportioned to its real importance, the *Vestiges of Creation* are now nearly forgotten, and the book rests in our libraries on the same shelf with many another clever defence of a shallow theory. It has probably done no permanent harm, and if it has contributed to the spread of a sounder and less empirical mode of teaching natural science than has hitherto been common in this country, the author may be allowed to plead so much in extenuation of the censure which he incurred.

During the entire discussion we had amongst us one who took no part in the strife—a silent labourer, who, for many years before and since the rise and fall of the *Vestiges of Creation*, had been engaged in observations and experiments bearing upon the precise question at issue, the Origin of Species. Mr. Darwin is known to the scientific public by more than one work of unquestionable value, but his attainments and ability were believed to be superior to any evidence of them he had previously given, and the interest felt in the work upon which he was known to have been long engaged, was increased by a communication made last year to the Linnean Society, which, to the initiated, showed pretty clearly the direction towards which his opinions tended. The great undertaking upon which the labour of nearly a quarter of a century has been expended is still unfinished; but, for reasons explained in the introduction, Mr. Darwin has been led to publish the present volume, which he terms an abstract of his future work. As far as we can pretend to judge, it contains a full statement of the writer's theoretical views, and of the arguments by which he proposes to sustain them. The detail of evidence is, of course, reserved for the complete work; but a sufficient summary is now given to enable the reader to anticipate its character, though not fully to test its value.

When we say that the conclusions announced by Mr. Darwin are such as, if established, would cause a complete revolution in the fundamental doctrines of natural history—and further, that although his theory is essentially distinct from the development

theory of the *Vestiges of Creation*, it tends so far in the same direction as to trench upon the territory of established religious belief—we imply that his work is one of the most important that for a long time past have been given to the public. We have not been amongst the foremost to pass our judgment upon it, for it is a book—we say it deliberately—that will not bear to be dealt with lightly. It is the result of long-continued thought and labour, directed by a man of remarkable ability and wide attainments to construct and to consolidate a theory which has for its basis some undeniable facts. There is scarcely an objection that can be urged that Mr. Darwin has not already anticipated, and to which he has not replied, as far as it admits of reply—and that with a degree of moderation and candour that would be evidence of excellent judgment, if they were not, as we fully believe them to be, entirely unaffected.

Although it is certain that Mr. Darwin's views will cause painful anxiety to many who will regard them as hostile to the truths of Revelation, we cannot share in that anxiety, and are therefore not disposed to discuss the new theory on any other than strictly scientific grounds. Except in a single brief and somewhat obscure paragraph, Mr. Darwin has avoided all reference to the origin of the human race; but in his future work he can scarcely fail to be explicit upon that point. To him, or to any other man of science who should attempt to prove to us that the moral and spiritual faculties of man have been gradually developed by the working of matter upon matter, we should reply by demurring *in toto* to the applicability of his reasoning. No conceivable amount of evidence derived from the growth and structure of animals and plants would have the slightest bearing upon our convictions in regard to the origin of conscience, or man's belief in a Supreme Being and the immortality of his own soul. Within the proper domain of natural science, which includes the entire visible creation, animate and inanimate, we desire to place no barrier before the spirit of inquiry. We know that there are limits which human reason is unable to overpass, but we believe that those limits will be more surely ascertained and fixed by the right use of reason itself than by the edict of an external authority.

Mr. Darwin's theory may be stated in a few words. All organic beings are liable to vary in some degree, and tend to transmit such variations to their offspring. All at the same time tend to increase at a very rapid rate, and their increase is kept in check by the incessant competition of other individuals of the same species, or that of individuals of other species, or by physical conditions injurious to each organism or to its power of leaving healthy offspring. Whatever variation occurring among the individuals of any species of animals or plants is in any way advantageous in the struggle for existence will give to those individuals an advantage over their fellows, which will be inherited by their offspring until the modified variety supplants the parent species. This process, which is termed natural selection, is incessantly at work, and all organized beings are undergoing its operation. By the steady accumulation, during long ages of time, of slight differences, each in some way beneficial to the individual, arise the various modifications of structure by which the countless forms of animal and vegetable life are distinguished from each other. All existing animals have descended from at most only four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or lesser number. Analogy (which Mr. Darwin admits to be a deceitful guide) would even lead him to infer that "all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth have descended from some one primordial form into which life was at first breathed."

Easy enough to state, it is impossible to give within much less space than the author has himself employed any idea of the mass of argument by which this startling theory is sustained and defended. With admirable skill and ability, Mr. Darwin has in succession encountered the various and formidable difficulties which the bare announcement of his theory must suggest to the minds of most naturalists. The chapters devoted to Instinct, Hybridism, Geographical Distribution, and to Embryology—though from the nature of the present work necessarily incomplete—are especially remarkable for the amount of learning and research that are brought to bear upon the argument.

So much we have said in bare justice to the author of this new theory; but it may relieve the anxiety of some of our readers if we at once declare that, after the most deliberate consideration of his arguments, we remain unconvinced. To discuss the subject with any approach to completeness would be impossible within ten times the space that can be given to this article. We shall merely point out in a very general way a few of the difficulties encountered by Mr. Darwin in attempting to answer objections which we feel justified in calling insurmountable; for if he has failed to overcome them, it is scarcely likely that any abler advocate of his theory will be found to replace him.

To the present, as well as every other hypothesis which assumes as a fact of organized life the gradual and continued transition from one species through another, to some form widely different in structure, geology opposes the records preserved in the organic remains found in each successive formation. To remove the difficulty which lies in the perfectly definite character of past species even in the earliest geological periods, Mr. Darwin spares no amount of skill and labour to establish, first, the extremely imperfect character of the geological record; secondly, the enormous lapse of time that must

\* On the Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life. By Charles Darwin, M.A., &c. &c. London: Murray. 1859.

be allowed for the deposition of each formation, and for the intervals between them. It is only a proof that it is impossible for any man to apply to his own arguments that constant and accurate process of testing which is afforded by independent criticism, and no imputation against the candour of the writer, to say that in this delicate part of his case he has committed some manifest errors, and allowed himself assumptions to which he would scarcely have resorted had his need been less urgent.

Mr. Darwin commences by summing up the maximum thickness of all the sedimentary formations hitherto detected in Great Britain, points out the extreme slowness with which they have been deposited, and the still longer periods intervening during which the area of Great Britain was either at rest or exposed to denudating action, and by way of furnishing a scale by which to estimate the whole, he calculates the time necessary for the denudation of the Weald of Sussex alone at about three hundred millions of years. No wonder that behind such a formidable outwork Mr. Darwin thinks himself free to deal, according to his pleasure, with past ages of time, and that, if a million of centuries, more or less, is needed for any part of his argument, he feels no scruple in taking them to suit his purpose. Let us, however, examine the process by which he has attained to these results. When Professor Ramsay estimates the aggregate thickness of British deposits at 72,584 feet, it is not intended that either in Britain or elsewhere we have reason to believe that such a thickness of sedimentary matter has ever been deposited on any part of the earth's surface. This large figure is obtained by adding together the utmost thickness which each deposit is anywhere known to acquire. But to obtain a probable measure of the time requisite for any deposit to attain its maximum thickness we should compare the maximum rate of deposit now known to occur. We know, indeed, very little of the action of the greatest rivers in this respect; but, if Everest's observations are to be relied upon, the Ganges annually pours into the Bay of Bengal, a mass of sediment which would cover more than 5000 square miles to the depth of half an inch; or, in other words, enough to form a stratum 1000 feet in thickness in 24,000 years. This fact alone, and a moment's thought of the enormous mass of mineral matter which is constantly transported by other great rivers, either to form deltas, or—as with the Amazon—to be swept into the depths of the ocean, far from land, goes some way to modify Mr. Darwin's assumption that formations of considerable thickness can be formed only during periods of subsidence; while, at the same time, it helps to moderate the huge demand that he wishes to establish against the great reserve of geological time. This brings us to his estimate of the period consumed in the denudation of the Weald Valley. As most of our readers know, this is the tract between the North and South Downs, that is crossed in going from London to the Sussex coast. There is sufficient reason to believe that, since the deposition of the chalk, the sea has flowed in the valley between the two ranges of the Downs for a sufficient time to remove not only the chalk, but also a large amount of the underlying strata. In the first instance, though this is but a trifle, Mr. Darwin has forgotten to allow for the fact that the sea would act against both sides of the valley at once, and thus we should begin by reducing his enormous estimate by one-half. The difference between us is, however, more important. He assumes that the sea-action would begin at the upper surface of the chalk, and gradually eat into it, backwards and downwards, at the rate of a yard in twenty-two years; and further than this, he seems to assume that the underlying formations—upper and lower greensand and wealden—would offer the same resistance as the chalk. But surely Mr. Darwin must know what reason there is to believe, or rather to be certain, that the chalk that once covered the Weald Valley was penetrated by faults, and probably by fissures, of considerable depth and breadth. The sea in many places would have worked against the bottom of perpendicular faces of chalk; and, as any one may see at Beachey Head, it will eat away a cliff six hundred feet high nearly as fast as one of sixty feet. But further than this, it is more than probable that during the denudation of the Weald the action of the sea was directed against the soft greensand underlying the chalk; and as this was rapidly eaten away, vast masses of chalk would fall away to seaward. Our conclusion, therefore, is, that in this instance Mr. Darwin has enormously over-rated the amount of time which can legitimately be demanded to account for the geological phenomena.

His next step in the career of hypothesis is still more startling. Even the vast roll of ages that he would place between us and the commencement of organic life in the palæozoic rocks does but carry us back to an epoch when there lived in the waters a large number of animals as distinct from each other in their structure as those that the dredger may now take off our western coasts; and, strange to say, at least two genera of mollusks of which the representatives still exist. To obtain the space which he requires in order to account for the existence of this varied fauna, Mr. Darwin does not hesitate to plunge backward in the sons of past time, and to point to a period as far removed from the earliest known palæozoic rocks as these are from our era. Not knowing where to find a shred of evidence for the existence of this enormous mass of pre-Silurian formations, a new hypothesis is produced, certainly ingenious, but to our minds, in the very highest degree improbable. Mr. Darwin fairly admits that his case is difficult, but tries to satisfy the inquirer by the assurance

that his witnesses are all drowned. The present continents and oceans, as he tells us, have existed pretty much where they now do ever since the deposition of the oldest fossiliferous beds; but before that epoch other continents existed in the area now filled by oceans; from their waste, formations were formed in the adjoining seas, and in those formations, one after another, throughout millions of ages, the successive forms of the primitive fauna and flora were silently entombed; but no elevatory forces—no volcano, terrestrial or submarine, throughout the countless ages that have since elapsed—have ever brought a single fragment of these buried continents to the light of day.

We leave professed geologists to deal with these and other portions of Mr. Darwin's speculations. Enough has been said to show what a pile of unsupported conjecture has been required to sustain this last and ablest attempt to penetrate the mystery of the origin of species, or, in other words, the Origin of Life. Apart from the innate curiosity that urges all reflecting men at some time to consider this great problem, students of natural history are continually driven to seek some solution of it, in order that they may find some secure basis on which to raise the superstructure of their science. Discussing the subject with men of the most various opinions, we have found them nearly unanimous upon one point—that there must be somewhere discoverable a true criterion of species, and that, although the *modus operandi* of Creative Power might remain concealed, the general plan of creation would, sooner or later, be made known to us. Upon this ground we venture to dissent as well from those eminent naturalists who, like the late Edward Forbes, endeavour to raise what we may call the orthodox doctrine of the separate creation of species to the rank of a demonstrated scientific truth, as from all those who, under one form or another, cling to the doctrine of development. We simply disbelieve that—at least in its present condition—natural science is entitled to treat any doctrine whatever as either proved or provable.

In regard to that which is peculiar to Mr. Darwin's theory, we are far from thinking that the fruits of his labour and research will be useless to natural science. On the contrary, we are persuaded that natural selection must henceforward be admitted as the chief mode by which the structure of organized beings is modified in a state of nature. We think it very possible that through this agency considerable groups of nearly allied species may have been derived from a single progenitor, but we are convinced that the modifying power rests within defined limits, though those limits may not be discoverable by man. Far as explorers may travel along the shores of the Ocean of Truth, the horizon does but stretch the farther before them, illimitable in its vastness.

#### THE YOUNG CURATE.\*

THE power of writing novels seems likely to become a privilege analogous to the right of petitioning, to which our ancestors attached so much importance. There is no class of men or women which does not make use of them for the purpose of ventilating its special opinions and grievances. The theory which once existed with respect to the inconsistency of novel-reading with the stricter forms of religious belief appears to have been practically exploded; for novels have become theological weapons even in the hands and on the behalf of so rigid a sect as the Baptists. Clergymen—especially in ladies' novels—are more frequently introduced and more respectfully treated than almost any other persons; and all the peculiarities of their position are brought before the public through this machinery oftener than those of other classes of men. One of the consequences of this curious state of things is that the literary interest of novels is in almost every case entirely subordinate to their interest considered as pamphlets. They are in the nature of manifestoes upon some particular point of conduct or business, or some special state of feeling, which happens to have attracted the author's attention; and they ought to be criticised upon that principle.

The *Young Curate*; or, *the Quicksands of Life*, is a very perfect illustration of this. It is the remonstrance of a clergyman against the hardships and corruptions of his profession. His lamentations and doleful tale of wrong is to the following effect:—A charming young clergyman, very poor, though of very good family, comes to be curate in a populous market town, where the people at first idolize him on account of his goodness and eloquence. As the incumbent is non-resident and very old, and as the living is in the gift of the college of which the curate is a fellow, and as he stands next in succession, he is a person of considerable importance. In course of time he engages himself to the daughter of a prosperous banker, who turns out, on better acquaintance, to be a vulgar, worldly-minded young woman who cares very little about him. Whilst the engagement lasts, he is called in to visit professionally a beautiful dying woman, whose sister, even more attractive and much younger than herself, is what the author calls the "governess," and what we should call the mistress, of the national school. A good deal of what may be called either flirtation or spiritual intercourse goes on between the curate and the governess; and at about the same time he forms the acquaintance of a beautiful young lady of large fortune,

\* *The Young Curate*; or, *the Quicksands of Life*. London: Routledge, 1859.



the daughter of a neighbouring country gentleman, who falls in love with him, whilst he gives her as much affection or friendship as he has to spare from the other two ladies. Wicked clerical enemies, who envy the curate's prospects, popularity, and talents, are malignant enough to put a bad interpretation on his kindness to the schoolmistress, and they are aided in this by a doubly malignant Dissenting poacher, who sees the curate and the governess wandering on several occasions in the thickest part of a romantic wood, and tries to extort money from him by threats of exposure. The curate contents himself with knocking him down, but takes no further steps in the matter. Ultimately—such is the baseness of human, and especially of clerical nature—the banker's daughter puts a neighbouring vicar in the place of the curate, with whom she repudiates her engagement, and the Bishop issues a commission to inquire into the nature of his relations with the schoolmistress. A shocking scene of injustice takes place before the commission, though the Dissenting poacher is satisfactorily exposed, and ultimately the curate resigns his curacy and goes abroad with his sister and the governess, whom he intends to marry. She, however, conveniently dies of a consumption, having before her death inherited a large fortune in France, which she leaves to her friend—for he had never been her lover—whereupon he marries the third lady, the country gentleman's daughter. *Moral.* The world is very wicked and uncharitable; clergymen at times do very dirty things; bishops' commissions are extremely unjust; church patronage is ill-distributed. It is hard that clergymen should not be properly paid; it is hard that their actions should be misconstrued; it is hard that hard-working clergymen should have small incomes and large families, and that idle ones should have small families and large incomes. On the whole, the world is very hard on the working clergy.

The book is, in fact, a sort of plea, presented in a most desultory, dishevelled manner, on behalf of unprotected males. The answer to it is surely almost painfully obvious. A man comes amongst several thousand persons to be their spiritual pastor. He is to tell them how to conduct themselves in this life, and what to expect in the next. He is to sit in judgment more or less upon his parishioners' conduct in almost every relation of life. He has something to say about births, deaths, and marriages, about all the transactions pointed at by any of the Ten Commandments, and about many other matters still more important. If he assumes to exercise all this authority and influence, when in point of fact he is a great overgrown baby who has no experience and no knowledge, and not even as much common sense as will enable him to conduct himself with moderate discretion in the commonest affairs of life, it is very natural that people should take advantage of him; and though he may be entitled to some degree of pity, it is a public benefit that his incapacity should be exposed. It is difficult to imagine a more ludicrous position than that of a young fellow who thinks himself entitled to lecture people old enough to be his parents about their most secret thoughts and affections, when he does not know that, if he is engaged to one woman, he has no business to go wandering about in a thick wood holding spiritual conversation with another, or who, if he does know it, has not sufficient self-command to resist the temptation to do so.

Hardly anything can be more comic than the way in which the author of the *Young Curate* begs for public indulgence for the threefold philanderings of his hero. There runs throughout the whole book a tone of remonstrance against the strictness with which society visits clerical indiscretions in respect of such matters, which nothing can have induced the author to assume except great courage or great simplicity. The moral, printed all by itself at the end of the book, is, "If a brother is beguiled into sin, seek not to crush him, but have compassion." If this means that individuals should be kindly treated, it is a truism, but if it means that people ought not to be severe upon young clergymen who commit themselves in any way with women, it is not only a dangerous doctrine, but it is one which it requires considerable impudence to put forward at all. The position in which clergymen stand towards women is delicate in the extreme, and if they do not know this, and regulate their conduct accordingly, they are utterly unfit for the position which they claim to occupy. Every profession gives peculiar opportunities of obtaining influence to those who belong to it. Lawyers are constantly trusted with a knowledge of all sorts of family affairs; physicians not only come to know secrets of the most delicate kind, but are admitted confidentially into the interior of numberless private families; and clergymen are not only the depositaries of many particulars which it would be monstrous to divulge, but are placed in the position of being a kind of official superiors to many of the women of their congregations. This is especially the case with schoolmistresses, district visitors, &c.; and a man is perfectly unfit for his duties who does not know that this position is one which is extremely liable to abuse, and that it is his bounden duty, both to himself and to them, to conduct himself in such a manner as to prevent the possibility of any suspicion being excited upon the subject. All experience shows that the jealousy with which society at large views the relation in question is in the highest degree reasonable. No state of things could be more utterly intolerable to English people in general, and to English men in particular, than one in which the relation between women and

clergymen should be capable of misconstruction. They would probably prefer dispensing with the profession altogether to having an unmarried clergy; and in any particular case it is perhaps the very strongest and most justifiable of all their demands, that there should be no abuse of professional confidence in this direction. Wherever special confidence is reposed, special care against abuse is required; and a man who knows so little of himself or of the world as to suppose that it is an easy thing to exercise this special vigilance, richly deserves whatever inconveniences he may sustain in consequence of his folly.

The *Young Curate* is not a pleasant book. Apart from the protest in favour of clerical indiscretions which pervades it throughout, it is written in a querulous spirit which is not only weak but rather offensive. It contains some effective sketches of little bits of clerical spite and trickery, which probably enough are drawn from the life, and drawn with considerable accuracy. It is unfortunately true that the bad qualities of people who are bound by their professional duty to be more moral, more benevolent, and more religious than the common run of mankind, are apt to take a sneaking form, because the pressure of external decorum and of public opinion upon them is greater than it is in other cases. If two barristers hate each other, they have a dozen opportunities every day of insulting each other openly, and as no one expects them to be particularly loving, there is nothing to prevent them from doing so; but clergymen cannot with decency attack each other in public, so that, if they do feel hatred, they must either subdue it or vent it in petty secret ways, and there is unhappily no doubt that the second course is most agreeable to average human nature. It shows, however, a petty and a sore temper to call acquaintance with this fact knowledge of the world—to insinuate that the whole clerical profession is made up of selfish, backbiting preferment-hunters, who, as a rule, look to nothing but livings. Certainly experience would lead few people to worship the clergy, but neither would it lead many to despise them. Knowledge of the world means something very different from knowledge of the dirty tricks of the meaner part of it.

The lamentations about the distribution of patronage, and the disagreeable pictures of the consequences of imprudent marriages, which the *Young Curate* contains, are as foolish and as undignified as such complaints usually are. That the money payment of the clergy is not very high is perfectly true. It is probably also true that, unless a clergyman has private means, he is not likely to be able to marry and bring up a family as gentlemen and ladies exclusively on his professional earnings for many years after he has entered on his profession. But this is the condition of all liberal professions whatever. If a man were to become a barrister, an attorney, or a medical man without a shilling of his own, with no connexions, and with very ordinary abilities, how long would it be before he could reckon on a settled income of 100*l.* a-year, which a curate gets as soon as he is ordained? And how much longer would it be before he would rise to the 600*l.* or 700*l.* which are implied by keeping two or three servants, a roomy house, a wife, and a family of small children? There is no other profession which secures such luxuries to every amiable, well-meaning young man who enters it, except in the country where sausage-rolls grow on the trees and the fowls fly about roasted, crying "Come eat me." If a clergyman has talents and is in want of money, he can take pupils, or keep a school, or earn money by his pen, or be paid secretary to a charitable society, or increase his income by various other means. If he has no talents and is in want of money, he must go without. The payment which he derives from his profession is measured, not by his wants, but by his services; and, like other men, if he thinks himself underpaid, he may try to get more elsewhere. At any rate, he enters the profession at a mature age and with his eyes open; and if he makes a bad bargain it is his own fault.

Of course there are many other considerations besides money which may induce a man to take orders, and for the honour of the profession it is to be hoped that they are usually those which determine people in their choice. With these we have nothing to do; but in so far as the question is one of money at all, it must be treated on the ordinary principles of business, and on those principles it is absurd to say that the clergy have anything to complain of. The stipends of curates depend entirely on supply and demand; and as to livings, though it is possible that in large towns the clergy would occasionally be better paid if there were no endowments at all, and they were dependent on their congregations, they would probably be very sorry indeed to give up that independent position which they at present hold for the sake of a possible precarious addition to their incomes. In this, as in other callings, people must protect themselves if they are to be worth anything at all. The Church, like the law, is meant *vigilantibus non dormientibus*; and if a young fool blunders into orders and afterwards blunders into matrimony, with no distinct notion in either case as to what he is doing or where he is going—and if society is afterwards indicted for having made a violent assault upon him, and for having settled him down with force and arms in a remote curacy of 80*l.* a-year, with a sickly wife and ten small children—the only verdict which an impartial public can return, after hearing the address of the able novelists for the prosecution, must be, "Served him right."

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IN IRELAND.\*

THIS volume of the Correspondence of the Duke of Wellington (then Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley), as Secretary for Ireland, from March, 1807, to April, 1809, displays the Duke as an administrator before the Peninsula. Ireland was not a bad training-school for the land in which, as Talleyrand said, two and two make five. The volume also gives in detail the Duke's plan for the military defence of Ireland, which is still of practical importance, though, happily, of less importance than it was at that time.

In 1807, that great and good King, George III., turned out the Grenville Administration for wanting to give the Roman Catholics of Ireland a slight instalment of those political rights which they had been promised by Pitt as a condition of their consent to the Union. The Duke of Portland and his colleagues succeeded, pledged to secure his conscientious Majesty's "case of mind"—which the proposal to do a little justice had greatly disturbed—at any cost of blood and misery to Ireland and of danger to the Empire. Under the new Government, the Duke of Richmond was Lord Lieutenant, and Sir Arthur Wellesley Secretary, for Ireland. No doubt, Sir Arthur's military achievements were his recommendation for what was, in fact, a military post.

As to the views of Irish policy given in these letters, they are simply those of a clear-sighted but narrow-minded Tory soldier. The Secretary "is positively convinced that no political measure which you could adopt would alter the temper of the people of this country. They are disaffected to the British Government; they don't feel the benefits of their situation; attempts to render it better either do not reach their minds, or they are represented to them as additional injuries;" and, in fact, "we have no strength here but our army." As to education, "we want discipline, not learning." Commutation of tithes is a chimera. "The ablest men in Great Britain and Ireland have, I believe, considered this subject, and I never yet heard of a practicable remedy for the inconvenience which is supposed to exist. I certainly do not expect to find it in a meeting of a county: and, upon the whole"—people need not trouble their heads any more about the matter. "Bagwell, or some of the gentlemen of the county of Tipperary," are to be requested to give a hint to the sheriff "that it is very desirable that these whippings should be in earnest." The mode of allaying political discontent and removing the evils that lead to it is, to increase the regular army, look well to the loyalty of the militia, and keep your communications open with England.

As to the "Defences of Ireland," the Duke's voice is wisdom. Here he looks facts in the face and goes to the root of the matter, as it was in his time and under the system of government for which he was partly responsible:—

All those who have considered this subject appear to agree in the following propositions, although they differ in opinion upon many questions of detail: That Ireland is assailable by the enemy on all parts of its southern, its western, and its northern coast; that in case it should be attacked by a body of the enemy sufficiently large to give employment to a large proportion of the regular troops, the people in all parts of the country would rise in rebellion; that Ireland must ultimately depend for its defence upon the resources of men and military equipments which it should receive from Great Britain.

For the defence of the coasts, the Duke proposes, not a system of coast fortification, which he considers "would not answer, for many obvious reasons," but a naval station in Bantry Bay—a measure by the adoption of which "you would at all times have a fleet upon your most vulnerable point, and you would give to the coasts of this country the only general defence which they are capable of receiving."

As to the second point, the Duke "lays it down as decided that Ireland, in a view to military operations, must be considered as an enemy's country"—to such a point had things been brought by the "conscience" of Lord Eldon and King George III. The course proposed with a view to meeting this danger is to have fortified places in different parts of the country—meaning by fortified places, not defensive positions to be taken up by the army in case of a landing of the enemy in the country, which the Duke thinks would prove useless, but "certain determined points where the magazines and stores might be deposited in safety, situated on the lines of defence to be taken with a view to the different points which may be attacked by the enemy." A place of this description in each of the provinces of Ulster, Munster, and Connaught, and two in Leinster, on the line of defence from the Shannon, would answer the purpose the Duke has in view.

As to the third point—the communication with England—all parts of Ireland being equally disaffected, and equally open to objection as points of connexion between the two islands on that account, the Duke considers Dublin to be, in other respects, the best point to fix on. It is the seat of Government. The principal magazines and stores of the army are there. The counties round it are fertile. The communications from it are good. It is in the centre of the east coast of Ireland. The passage from Liverpool, the most convenient point of embarkation, is short, and in case supplies for the army were required from England, Lancashire and the neighbouring counties could afford them. Dublin, therefore, is to be secured by a fortifica-

tion "by which not only the landing-place, but the city itself (then highly disaffected) would be kept."

It is due to the Duke to say, that his views of Irish government, though narrow and military, are not savage, and that his sentiments are not less, but more, enlightened than those of Perceval and Sidmouth. He is inclined to entertain plans of practical improvement, even for endowed schools. He shows a disposition rather to protect Maynooth from Perceval's persecuting inquisitions. He wishes, in a cool, politic sort of fashion, to restrain the violence of "red-hot Protestants." He owns that the Irish have grievances, though, of course, "exaggerated." He sees no objection to giving stipends to the Roman Catholic priests, "excepting the stirring the question at all during the King's life." He is even desirous to make Protestants and Catholics feel that they have a common interest, and to obliterate all distinctions between them, "so far as the law allows us"—the "law" which treated the Protestant as a conqueror and the Catholic as a helot, and which the Duke and his party had taken office expressly to maintain. The Duke's character is in every sense one of the most extraordinary in history. There are times when he appears the perfection of wisdom. There are times when he appears very much the reverse.

Of course this, like every other record of Irish government, is full of scrambles for patronage, of jobbery and corruption. This part of the business the Duke did evidently without any taste for it, but still thoroughly and effectually, as a matter of public duty, necessary in order that "the King's Government might be carried on." "I think that, as there are some interesting Catholic questions afloat just now, you might feed—with another 100." It seems that one loyal friend to the Government endeavoured to stem the tide of disaffection in a singular manner. "He will have literally the copper collars, for they (the collars of the Order of St. Patrick) are of copper. Mr. —, the father of the —, stole the money for the gold collars, and bought copper." We should rather like to have some of these orifices in the pillory of history, which throughout the volume are left blank, filled up with the names of the worthies to whom they belong. But no doubt the editor has done right in taking, as he everywhere does, the more delicate and merciful course.

The whole correspondence is strongly stamped with the well-known characteristics of the great "F. M."—with his clearness, decision, promptitude in business, perfect command of temper, and somewhat contemptuous good sense. It is also stamped with that want of political culture which made the leader of the Tory party avow that he had "never read the *Quarterly Magazine*," and which fatally disqualified him to be a leading statesman.

As an instance of the Duke's shrewd sense applied to private conduct, the following letter is interesting, the more so as it is hardly what we should have expected from so iron and self-reliant a nature as that of the Duke:—

To Lieut.-General Sir John F. Cradock, K.B.

My dear Cradock, Dublin Castle, 22nd June, 1808.  
I am very sorry that I did not see you before I left London, for I wanted much to speak to you upon different subjects, and particularly about yourself; but I was prevented by my business. Borough told me that you had resigned the Irish staff, although you had contrived to do so in a manner not likely to give offence. I was much concerned to hear that you had taken that step, more particularly without consulting your friend Lord Buckinghamshire, for I am convinced that there is nothing so untrue as the saying "that every man knows his own affairs best," and that a man whose mind is soured by any ill treatment is peculiarly disqualified to decide for himself. However, you have taken the step; and now the next object for your endeavours should be to be placed on the staff, or in the command of some corps employed on foreign service.

Pray remember me most kindly to Lady Theodosia and Johnny, and Believe me, &c., ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

It remains only to acknowledge the great importance and value of the work, and to thank the editor, the present Duke, for the manner in which it has been done. He will have plenty of grateful readers.

## NOW OR NEVER.\*

THE author of this book dedicates it to his cousin Amelia, and tells her in the dedication that, although it is not very good, it is the very best he can offer her. The lady must be very difficult to please if she is not ready to take the will for the deed and receive with open arms a work into which the writer has evidently thrown himself with singular intensity of feeling and conviction. He is penetrated with the thought of the shortness and uncertainty of life, and of the slipperiness of human felicity. He preaches the absolute necessity of seizing on each good opportunity that presents itself. The present is before us to adopt, master, and profit by. If we hesitate a moment, our chance is gone. He reminds us that, in the words of Mr. Carlyle, mortals are unwise who "for ever change and shift, and say 'Yonder and not here.'" *Carpe diem quam minimum credula postero* is the motto of his title-page. But his precepts have more than a general application. His whole thoughts really run on one step, that is to be taken "now or never." What he wishes to urge seriously and solemnly is that men should propose while the lady is willing, and while they like her, and not wait until a difference of taste arises to separate them. This is the

\* *Civil Correspondence and Memoranda of Field Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington, K.G.* Edited by his Son, the Duke of Wellington, K.G. Ireland: from March 30th, 1807, to April 12th, 1809. London: Murray. 1860.

\* *Now or Never.* By M. Betham-Edwards. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1860.



view of life in which he is absorbed. There are numberless good girls to be found all ready to fall honestly and decently in love. Directly a man comes across one of these, it is now or never with him. He can say "here," and book her at once; or, like a slippery and changing mortal, say "yonder," and lose her for ever. For all affection and all goodness is liable, according to the theory of Mr. Edwards, to be swept away by a kind of demonic counter-agency. Bad people will cut across the path of the good girls, and then honest love will be baffled, and misery will ensue. Marriageable man may be considered to occupy something of the position of a fisherman seated on a rock, at the foot of which a swarm of little fish sweep by, bright to the eye and sweet to the taste. If he likes to seize the opportunity—if he says to himself "now"—he has but to throw in his bait, and he secures one of the pretty fish to take home with him. If he hesitates, then it is "never" with him. An ugly cod or shark shoots down on its glittering prey, and the fisherman goes off with a sad heart and an empty basket. We have no reason to suppose that the advice which Mr. Edwards gives his sex is anything but excellent and wholesome; and he is so earnest and impressive in inculcating the solemn lesson, that we hope he may produce something of the effect he so ardently desires. At any rate, this is a book which may not only be safely placed on a drawing-room table, but which a clever mamma should slyly push in the way of a likely young man. It can do no harm, and it may do good.

The story is ingeniously contrived to enforce and illustrate the doctrine which Mr. Edwards has so much at heart. There is a tender, truthful, blooming young woman who loves, and is passionately loved by, her cousin, a fine, manly land-steward. For some years the cousins have been separated, but Tom's heart, even in the wilds of Poland, has always been faithful to Bertha. At last he returns. He is welcomed cordially by Bertha and her parents. He sees Bertha every day, and they soon discover how dear they are to each other. The knowledge that Tom loves her gives Bertha "infinite happiness." But Tom does not take advantage of the "now." He does not bind Bertha by words. The opportunity is lost. The fish swims by. The demonic element begins to work, and a Polish count steps in, who, by staring at Bertha in a melancholy way, mesmerises her, and forthwith captivates and marries her. There is also a second couple—one of those talented, *brusque*, cool physicians who are now having a run in fiction, and a gentle, meditative girl. She loves him, and if he would but throw in his bait, she would rise to it most readily. But he dallies. He says yonder—not here. He credulously trusts in the future. Again the demonic counter-agency intervenes; and this time it is the doctor himself who is carried away. A foolish flirt attracts, fixes, and subsequently jilts him. He is powerless in the hands of Fate, and the good girl and he suffer for years from his absurd dilatoriness. In this way the reader is made to feel the enormous perils that beset the man who will not propose. A man might think his confidence reasonable if the knowledge that he loved her filled a woman with infinite happiness. But he is leaning on a rotten reed. Let him delay for a day, and in may come a Polish count and stare her into infidelity. We do not see how the precariousness of the possession of a woman's affections could be put more strongly. Then, again, if he delays, he himself may be the victim. He may be made the sport of coquetry—he is liable at any moment to fall in love with another woman. We are therefore brought to the point that there is no escape from evil but instantaneous proposing. The only difficulty is, at what period does the duty arise? How can any man be sure that he ought not to have committed himself before? Who can say that long approaches and a carefully-cultivated intimacy are not a succession of mistakes? The lady might always have been willing the day before, and then the lover has incurred the charge of dilatoriness. He would also be to blame if he did not insist on having his fate precisely fixed at once. We are carried back, step by step, until we are brought to think that he would be the wisest man who, surveying his female acquaintance, should fix on the most suitable person, and then go boldly at once and give her from lunch to dinner to arrive at a definite answer.

Although rather slight in its construction and in its delineation of character, *Now or Never* has considerable literary merits. The action is rapid, and the style, if not brilliant, is at least clear and not dull. But it is chiefly because it has a central purpose that the book is remarkable. We are taken with the devoted zeal which the author brings to bear in behalf of his favourite proposition. So many novels are without any aim, and are so far from expressing any convictions, that we pause with interest when we come across one which shows that the author is preaching on a text which he sincerely believes is of the highest importance. Still we wish that we could accept the doctrine inculcated by Mr. Edwards without hesitation. Let us take for granted that, if we do not propose instantaneously, we shall not get the lady; but then the awkward question suggests itself, What is the good of getting the lady? The class of moralists who have hitherto been most persistent in quoting *carpe diem*, and urging the postponement of dull care till to-morrow, have generally insisted on the wisdom of securing the enjoyment of a definite pleasure in anticipation of a coming calamity that will completely change or will terminate life. There is some sense, though not much piety, in saying, "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." But when the morrow of the proposal comes, it does not find the couple annihilated, but only

married or engaged. What is the good of being married or engaged to a woman whose notions of "infinite happiness" are liable to be changed in five minutes? It is quite possible that a wise man who could foresee the whole consequence of not saying "now," might deliberately prefer to say "never." The dilatory people will always be able to retort that they wish to be sure that their mistress is unlikely, not only before, but after her betrothal, to be stared into infidelity by a Polish count. Mr. Edwards' exhortations are like the lectures of a punctual person who expects that we shall own ourselves very sorry to have come too late for a train which is almost certain to run off the next embankment. In this point the theory of *Now or Never* seems to break down; but so many ingenious theories break down in some point, that Mr. Edwards need not be much disheartened.

#### THORNBURY'S LIFE IN SPAIN.\*

IT is characteristic of "immortal truths" that their significance grows wider, simpler, and more pointed from age to age. When the ancient philosopher excoagulated the axiom that "man is his own measure of everything," his insight into human nature could only have dimly anticipated the curious varieties of proof which race after race and generation upon generation would accumulate in corroboration of his experience. As the Greek was the measure of everything to the Greek, and the Roman to the Roman, the soldier to the soldier, the bagman to the bagman, and the priest to the priest, whether in ancient or modern history and comedy, so in the nineteenth century is the T. G.—or travelling gent—the universal standard to the T. G., and the literary cockney the measuring-wand of the cockney *littérateur*. Whether it be the London cockney, who perpetrates a moral omission of his aspirates in his manner of regarding everything all the world over—the Parisian cockney, who in Leicester-square, Algeria, or New Caledonia alike, lives and breathes *en grosseyant*, as if he were circulating up and down the Boulevards—the Yankee cockney, of fixings and calculations, and Elijah Pogramisms generally—or any other type of national or professional cockneydom whatever—the principle is the same. Your true-bred cockney is, like Shelley's Peter Bell, endowed with no more imagination than a pint-pot. He can never place himself in any mental position whatever differing in the slightest degree from that upon which he has stood with ingenuous self-satisfaction all his life long. Travel as he may, he never varies his *animus* with change of sea or sky. He is the mountain, and all that passes in front of him is Mahomet; and if Mahomet's measure wants taking, Mahomet's height and breadth must be referred to the altitude and girth of the mountain. Everything that strikes him as worth reporting to the stay-at-home clique of Cockaigne either translates itself naturally, or has to be translated by force, into the narrow dialect of that self-concentrated family; just as we once heard M. Grassot, in one of his humorous representations of the Parisian *badaud* on his travels, in the little theatre of the Palais Royal, give a free translation illustrative of the *spirituel* type of the French cockney jargon:—"Le Semaphore—c'est à dire, en Grec, le Journal de Marseille."

Our dear, good, jolly, rollicking Mr. Thornbury, author (among other remarkable works) of *Every Man his own Trumpeter*, has republished, from the columns of *Household Words*, his *Life in Spain*, revised, enlarged, and re-arranged. *Life in Spain—c'est à dire, en Grec*, a salad of Spanish herbs plucked by a Londoner for the London market, and dressed with the ordinary British salad-sauce. When an author's preface assures his "dear readers" that his notes were taken on cigarette paper and written with ink made of orange juice and Spanish liquorice, there is an almost inevitable presumption that their flimsiness will justify his assertion as to the materials, while the flippant slang of their manner will remind the dear reader only too unmistakably that oranges and liquorice are equally common in Seville and in the neighbourhood of Fumival's-inn. And a modest, but earnest, hope that no feebleness of the recording pen will prevent the dear reader from appreciating the absolute photographic truthfulness of the "humble memoranda" which are being transferred from cigarette paper to stouter foolscap for his edification, is not unlikely to be followed by a tolerably complete proof that the proper study of the writer in his travels has been almost exclusively his own personality under a novel costume. The great Mr. Dickens' *Notes on Italy*, when filtered through a second reading, left as a residuum the main fact that there was Boz in a Pink Jail, instead of Boz in a suburban villa or in a smoke-browned house in a metropolitan square. Interesting as such a picture might be to the curiosity of the public in the case of a writer who counted his real admirers by thousands and his worshippers, for fashion's sake, by tens of thousands, it may be questioned whether a similar anxiety is felt to know how cleverly and jocosely every talented disciple of the Dickens or Albert Smith school can rattle you through a volume of his every-day-in-the-week adventures. In consideration of the elevating, instructive, edifying tones and faces which it is *de rigueur* for every cockney prophet to put on now-a-days, in order to strike the high moral purpose of his comic entertainment straight home to the hearts of the masses, we are bound to inquire at the close of such a lecture—*Cui bono?* which, as Mr. Thornbury construes it

\* *Life in Spain*. By Walter Thornbury. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1859.

wrongly, we are bound to inform him is, being interpreted, not—what does it profit? but *whom* does it profit?—and to answer, like an eccentric echo, whom, indeed?

Rollieking Mr. Thornbury likes to begin at the beginning, and to put his friends at once up to the conditions under which they will have to travel with him. So he lets us know that he went out to Spain in one of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers, commanded by a dandy captain, whom he delicately terms Trippet, and returned in another commanded by an old salt, on whom he confers the original and humorous title of Blowhard. In the second page Blowhard appears to be delighting Mr. Thornbury and the other outward-bound passengers with a harrowing hard-a-weather yarn about his early adventures on the Gold Coast. Our first impression was that we had got hold of one of our pre-Raphaelite author's photographic pictures simply reversed; but, on discovering that Blowhard figured as prominently on the voyage home, we were compelled not only to discard our interest in the comparatively immaterial question of Captain Trippet's existence at all, but to feel grave doubts as to the general accuracy of the photographic artist, Mr. Thornbury, in his delineations of all he saw in Spain. And we cannot say that our confidence was restored when we came upon the following *naïve* analysis of Mr. Thornbury's method of painting his Cadiz street scenes:—

I sit in my murky London chambers one of these tawny foggy days, when the sky keeps changing colours like a great sickly chameleon, and I turn over the red-edged leaves of my Spanish note-book to rub up my memory. I find amongst other notes:—

1. Granada, Monday, August —, 1858.—The string of apish-browed galley-slaves in yellow jackets, who clink in chains, sprinkling water up and down the parade on the river side, trying maliciously to splash the passers by. Let that go.

2. The Madhouse at Carthage.—The silent officer who had not spoken for three days, and the moaning woman with the frightened staring eyes and black dishevelled hair, who had but the night before murdered her two children. That won't do.

3. Murillo's Picture at the Seville Museo.—The saint holding his own heart, red as a pin cushion, and with a sort of valentine dart stuck through it. I shall deal with Murillo another day.

4. The first glimpse of that great sapphire mountain of a whale that we sighted off Cape St. Vincent, and which sent up a water-rocket as a signal to us, then touched his hat, bowed, and disappeared. A phenomenon followed by a neck-and-neck somersault-race of porpoises all round our vessel, and a huge ugly drift of a shark that we fired at, spotted with blood, but not capture.

No. I must look at my Cadiz pages, for those are what I want just now.

And so we come to the "perpetual dimpling of the hotel fountain-pool," and the "luminous" boat-sails, and the sea-water "of the pleasant colour of lemonade with the sun on it," and then we remember all about it, and do a piece of fine writing on the topic of Cadiz, fit to make our dear reader's hair stand on end at the brilliancy and picturesqueness of our style. And only think what an *embarras de richesses* we have disclosed from those red-edged leaflets:—the gang of galley-slaves, redolent of Lazarillo de Tormes or Don Gines de Passamonte—(go to!) the madhouse which may be so effectively contrasted with the admirable institution of Hanwell Asylum—(go to!) the great Spanish painter, whom we pledge ourselves not to shirk, but to "deal with" unflinchingly another day—the blue cetaceous mountain which performed such curiously polite hydraulic vagaries, and the bloody sharkdrift that we could not capture. Here is a promise of a host of interesting adventures to which the ears of Desdemonas who subscribe to circulating libraries may seriously incline. Simple as we sit here in our murky chambers in the tawny London fog, we can make all this splash out of our memories of the Arcadia through which we have gone roving. Fireside tourists, therefore, may pick up plenty of kaleidoscopic effects and impressions by travelling through Spain along with Mr. Thornbury. But the most conscientious painters of Southern scenery are fain to admit that a return to living and painting under a colder and darker sky gradually destroys their intuitive sense of truth, and their acquired mastery of combination in reproducing the vivid harmonies of colour and atmosphere peculiar to Mediterranean or tropical landscape. Mr. Thornbury undoubtedly opened his eyes very wide when on his ground, and is sincerely anxious to open the eyes of his readers equally widely. Yet the flavour of his Manzanillas and Amontillados, direct as they profess to come from the Andalusian vineyards, is strongly redolent of the customary doctoring which takes place somewhere between the entry into the London docks and the delivery at the consumer's cellar-door. Delicious, aromatic, chaste, mellow Southern vintage as his wine of Xeres proclaims itself, it is not a whit more like what is grown upon the spot than his "deluded cockney friend Binns' "forty-eight shilling sherry."

One of the most ordinary tricks of the trade is that of carefully drawing the characteristic details of things familiar to cockney eyes at home, as examples of what the corresponding objects which cockney eyes will meet abroad are *not*. An ironical instance of the *ne plus ultra* of this style of scene-painting is to be found in Hood's humorous letter from the British flunkey who ascended Mont Blanc with his master. He tells his correspondent to realize the aspect of a glacier, by thinking of a man in a fustian jacket, with squares of glass on his back, and putty and a diamond pencil—"and that's just not it." "It's just the same with the Mer de Glace. Think of a mare made of glass—and you've not got it." This summary method of reasoning from the seen to the unseen is more popular than actually useful in

conveying instruction. Everybody who used to read *Household Words*, or who will read Mr. Thornbury's collected and revised lucubrations, knows all about the inns, landlords, chambermaids, &c. of British life. By pointing out that an "Therian waiter" is not clothed in a black overcoat, white waistcoat, and clerical tie—that the "stiff Don who thinks he obliges you by taking you in at all" as his hotel guest is generically "not a pleasant, smirking, portwine-coloured man, with a bow-window stomach thrown out in front"—that the old duenna who sweeps the bedrooms is not the "brisk, neat-handed chambermaid" rightly so dear to the British gent—and that the dawdling, slovenly quiet of a Spanish *café* is not identical with the "perpetual cries of 'Edward, pay one—chop and chop to follow—stale or new, sir—stout or bitter—two sausages, well done—coming down together!'" which are inseparable from the mysterious charm of a London tavern—Mr. Thornbury has at least (and at most) eliminated one type of waiterdom, landlordhood, and so forth, from the whole series of possible permutations of waitery and landlordly matter, among which the Spanish varieties of the species must exist somewhere. If the process of elimination had been continued till the differences of the species were thoroughly exhausted, it is possible that we might at last arrive at a perfect conception of the figures which our traveller had been negatively describing; but under such a system, the outside of an ordinary book of travels would be a more alarming and unenticing spectacle to all but the most gluttonous literary curiosity than it is now. Yet even that serious state of things would tend less to demoralize the taste of easy readers than the present trick of easy writing, which, like a popular lecture on an abstruse science, tempts a deluded public into the belief that they have cheaply and pleasantly acquired a comprehensive and intimate familiarity with a subject of which, in truth, they have learnt not even the A B C.

It is a great pity that clever draughtsmen should employ for the delineation of really interesting and serious scenes the same florid and exaggerative style of workmanship which they may use legitimately and with startling effect in caricature. As long as Mr. Thornbury is within the usual and natural limits of cockney literature—rollicking about among fast young officers from Gib., tasting prime sherries with as genuinely British a smack or pursing of the lips as is visible in the portraits of the four gentlemanly connoisseurs of South African who adorn the omnibuses—criticising Fortywinks, the great traveller, or other promising specimens of British snobbery or touristdom—he is as good-natured, clever, pleasant, gossiping a fellow as you may find for a companion in a long summer's day. The moral outside and garrison habits of such youths as Ensign Spanker and Lieutenant Driver, the peculiar turns and twists of the vagrant social bore who frequents foreign hotels, the mannerisms of English residents in Spain, and of the scorpions and harpies that fasten upon English visitors at Gib. or in the Spanish cities—everything, in short, that would tell in a farce upon London boards to a metropolitan audience, Mr. Thornbury is perfectly familiar with, and can depict capitally. He knows all about it, even where he is not himself the great original he draws. But, unfortunately, this is not all that his preamble entitles his readers to claim. "When you have said 'Spain,'" says the Spanish proverb quoted in his title-page, "you have said 'everything.'" To appreciate the truth of the proverb it is requisite that we should previously know something of the subject, or we should be equally justified in accepting as a truth the proposition that "everything" is implied in the utterance of the word "Mesopotamia." Our chief complaint against Mr. Thornbury is, that he is but a blind guide to the blind. He never leads us beyond the sound of Bow bells, while he tells us we are enjoying Moorish music in the Alhambra. His *Life in Spain* is neither more nor less than a realization of the ideal of that highly convivial party who wrote the old English glee, which he places as a counterfoil or a scholiast below the Spanish proverb aforesaid:—

A boat, a boat to cross the ferry,  
For we'll go over and be merry,  
And laugh, and quaff, and drink good sherry.

#### THE ROUND TABLE.\*

M. DE LA VILLEMARQUE has lately published a third edition of an excellent little book on the *Romances of the Round Table*. His object is to establish what we think few persons are now disposed to contest—that the grand legendary story of Arthur and his Knights is derived immediately from Breton and not from Provençal sources. The proof is sufficiently easy. All the names of persons and localities in the narratives in question are Celtic, if not specially Kymric, and are connected with either England or Brittany. All the stories may be found in imperfect, but still recognisable forms, among the traditions of the Kymric people, and of no other. The difficulty would seem to be, then, to understand how any question on the subject could have arisen. But, in fact, the early and the latter forms are as distinct from one another as the story of Lear in Geoffrey of Monmouth and the story of Lear in Shakspeare. What, in the old Pagan ballad, was the bardic cup of immortality, is transmuted, under the influence of a new faith, into the chalice which bears the real blood of the Lord. We must abstract Chris-

\* *Les Romans de la Table Ronde, ou les Contes des anciens Bretons.* Par M. le Vicomte Hersart de la Villemarqué. London: D. Nutt.



tianity, feudalism, and the civilization of mediæval towns in order to determine the residuum, which in very fact is Kymric and not European.

The importance of such a residuum is, however, under all circumstances very great. M. de la Villemarqué has, we think, been misled by an excess of critical timidity, and undervalues the results of his own labours. He writes as if he had merely vindicated the claims of his Kymric compatriots to the first authorship of a cycle of brilliant legends. Now, when all this has been admitted, little really has been proved for the race at large. Perhaps every nation on earth has its ancient chivalrous epos. Herakles, Theseus, and the chiefs who fought at Troy, Vladimir and his Boyars, the Cid, and Beowulf, are all familiar instances of the knightly spirit among the first founders of nationalities. It is often difficult to tell whether the Celtic or Gothic legend which we read has not been modified by the minstrel's knowledge of some similar story in Greek or Roman mythology—just as M. de la Villemarqué tells us that the French versions of the Kymric romances were often translated back again into Welsh or Breton, and from their more modern graces of style superseded the original. In truth, the sources of all fable are deep in the human heart; and the wonderful unity that we find in the songs of every land which the conquering Indo-Germanic races possess is really the unity of a common humanity. Neither Mongol, nor Creek Indian, nor Samoan has any inheritance in the splendid ancestry which, in every land that the Mediterranean washes, goes up through knights and statesmen to heroes and gods. Legends, therefore, are among the most certain indications of a common race. But as the different families have wandered far from their early homes in the East, and have grown up into principalities and powers under different influences of climate, with different daily wants and with widely discordant histories, their several characters have been moulded into very distinct, almost opposite, national types. And these discrepancies of fact and feeling are faithfully reflected in their legendary narratives.

This will appear the more clearly if we consider that the story of Arthur has a basis in facts, of which many can still be distinguished. We know, for instance, that there was such a king who organized the Britons, from the Clyde to the Channel, into a common State, and who gave more than ever a Christian character to the war that was waged against the Saxon invaders. We know that the Welsh under him, or some other native chief, did, in fact, assist the Bretons in their war against the Franks, and that the legends of conquest in France are therefore drawn from reality. Hoel, the courteous knight, was an actual Prince of Armorica, and Arthur's contemporary, receiving assistance from him against the armies of Clothaire. Lancelot, under the Kymric name of Mael—which has the same meaning of "vassal"—is famous in the most ancient Welsh records for his bravery, his beauty, the guilty love of Guenever, and the life ended as "a holy man." Indeed, the historians explain the romance, as their dates show Lancelot to have been a much younger man than Arthur, and probably, therefore, fitter for ladies' eyes. It would be easy to multiply instances, but those we have given are sufficient for our purpose. We only wish to prove that the Arthur poems are built up of fossil history, and are not a mere Fata Morgana which a poet's vision has conjured from the bodiless mist.

Taking, then, these characters as historical, we must of course assume that the imperfect outline of their lives has been filled up by their vivid chroniclers in accordance with the national sense of moral right and wrong. The poet painted the beauty which the Welshman admired, sung the greatness which the Welshman idealized, and poured scorn on the vices which the Welshman loathed. We have therefore a faithful record of Welsh society in the times between the sixth and eleventh centuries, when these legends were vaguely forming and had not yet crystallized. A minute criticism, which we cannot here enter into, might establish the prevalent type of features, the furniture and arms commonly used—above all, the domestic habits that prevailed—among the early Welsh. But there are some broad features of moral character which stand out in rigid beauty from these old stories, like the lines of a dead man's face. Contrast, for instance, Arthur with the Saxon hero Alfred. Putting aside the fictions of Asser and Ingulphus, we know scarcely more of the English than of the Welsh king. Mount Badon and Ashdown seem little else than the "battles of kites and crows," as Milton called them; yet every Englishman, by a just difference, reverences Arthur as a knight and Alfred as a statesman. The ideal of the one race is generous impulse, large-handed liberality, and reckless courage—the less showy Saxon character is based upon stubborn persistence, and justice and truth. No man who understands the two types can question which of them will be found with the conquering race, but to the end of all time the heart and the fancy will probably plead against the intellect—the man who charged at Balaklava will be invested with a higher halo than the most conscientious police magistrate. This same love of brilliant effect shows itself again in the great prominence which is given to Arthur's Court. No other poems of equally early date are so largely filled with notices of society. Kay, Gawain, Enid, and Angarad are as distinct in the individual life of the palace as Ulysses and Ajax Telamon in the field. This, no doubt, arises in great measure from the strong personality of the women.

As Southey has pointed out, they are scarcely ever pure. They wear their household affections lightly, and pass, after a day's grief, from their dead lords to the conquering adventurer. But, with all this, they are *plus femmes que toute autre*—not only more graceful and tender than the women of other lands, but sympathizing to an intense reality with whatever is noble and knightly in the men around them. The very impulses which seem capricious in them are based on an excess of enthusiasm. They love deeds and ideas better than men—they tread down conventions and memories—they are dazzled by the light of victory. They assert the race which has given Elizabeth Tudor to England and Jeanne de Montfort to France. And this worship of heroes has imparted another characteristic form to the legend. The *Round Table* is the democratic symbol of knightly equality. The only distinction of rank in it is the Siege Perilous. Such a conception could not have arisen in the mind of one who had grown up in the graduated hierarchy of the Anglo-Saxons—it belongs essentially to a race in which every chief was a king, and every vassal a gentleman. It contains the secret of Kymric disorganization, which has proved more fatal to the race than the sword of any conqueror, and which, in a few centuries, crushed them under the heavy but orderly system of feudal law.

We cordially recommend this little book by M. de la Villemarqué to the public. It is well worth studying in itself, and has at this moment a special interest from its connexion with the *Idylls of the King*. Indeed, the story of Enid is given here from Lady C. Guest's version in the *Mabinogion* under the title of the "Knight of the Falcon." The story of Merlin and Vivian is also touched upon. We wish the author had given it at greater length, for the lady's character deserves to be cleared. In the old romance of the *Lady of the Lake* she loves Merlin honestly, and only makes use of the last great charm that she may shut him up with herself in a garden of perpetual spring, enclosed by an impassable hawthorn hedge. The magician is nothing more than an antitype of the Sleeping Beauty. It is possible, however, that there was another legend. Mallory gives a different, though almost an equally good, reason for her conduct; whilst Ariosto clearly seems to regard her as a traitress. The point must be decided by future commentators. We can only hope that they may approach the subject with as true a love for antiquity, as profound and critical a knowledge, and write as pleasantly a style as M. de la Villemarqué.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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IN reply to certain statements which have been made by Messrs. CHAPPELL and Co., the Agents of MM. ALEXANDRE, of Paris, BOOSEY and SONS beg distinctly to state, that EVANS'S ENGLISH HARMONIUMS are made *throughout* at their Manufactory in WELLS-STREET, OXFORD-STREET, under the superintendence of Mr. EVANS, and that no part of the instrument is derived from M. ALEXANDRE, or any other Harmonium Maker. This statement can be verified by an inspection of the manufactory in all its branches.

BOOSEY and SONS beg further to state that the Testimonials which have been furnished by the Clergy, the Profession, and the Press, have reference to EVANS'S HARMONIUMS generally (as will be seen below), and not to one particular instrument, as insinuated by the Agents of M. ALEXANDRE.

Annoyed at the unexampled success of EVANS'S HARMONIUMS, these gentlemen have been led to distort the very simple fact that Mr. EVANS, when making experiments on the Harmonium (before his connexion with BOOSEY and SONS), not being in a position to manufacture an instrument throughout, used the skeleton only of an ALEXANDRE HARMONIUM, to which he added his own improvements, involving an outlay equal to the cost of a complete instrument; this Harmonium, referred to by M. ALEXANDRE'S Agents as slightly altered, is now in BOOSEY and SONS' possession, and may be compared with the latest specimens of their own manufacture, which are greatly superior to it in all respects.

BOOSEY and SONS beg emphatically to deny that the superior quality of EVANS'S HARMONIUMS is produced by filing the reeds. The peculiar character which belongs to all his instruments (including the cheapest) is the result of the invention, ingenuity, and perseverance of Mr. EVANS, the construction of his Harmoniums being totally different to that of M. ALEXANDRE. On the other hand, it may be observed that one of Mr. EVANS'S own inventions—the WIND INDICATOR—has been adopted by M. ALEXANDRE without acknowledgment.

The value of Herr ENGEL'S opinion on the respective merits of the French and English Harmoniums will be sufficiently appreciated, when it is known that within three weeks of the present time he voluntarily proposed to BOOSEY and SONS to perform on and recommend exclusively EVANS'S Harmoniums. The offer was, however, immediately rejected.

In submitting the following list of *bonâ fide* Testimonials, BOOSEY and SONS wish to add that EVANS'S HARMONIUMS are used at the Royal Italian Operas, Covent Garden and Drury Lane. For the former theatre, one was selected for the opera "Dinorah," at the request of Mr. COSTA, and with the approval of M. MEYERBEER. Mr. COSTA has constantly testified to the superior merits of these instruments, and has honoured the manufacturers with frequent visits to examine the many novel features which they contain.

### TESTIMONIALS.

*From the "Illustrated London News," December 3rd, 1859.*

"We have examined several of the most recently constructed of these instruments, and have been greatly struck with the improvements which, during the course of nearly twenty years, Mr. EVANS'S persevering efforts have succeeded in making. The great difficulties with which he has had to contend were the harsh metallic tone caused by the peculiar mode of generating sound; the inequality in the scale arising from the preponderance of the bass over the treble; and the slowness of the sounds in answering the touch of the keys, whereby an effect of heaviness was produced, and light rapid passages were almost impracticable. These defects have been got rid of in a surprising manner. The tone, throughout the entire compass of the scale, is pure, sweet, mellow, and free from that nasal sound which has hitherto clung so obstinately to the instrument, while the mechanical action has become so prompt that the most brilliant piano-forte music can be executed with clearness and precision. The impressions which we derived from our own observation are entirely consonant with those of some of our greatest musical authorities who have borne testimony to the qualities of the instrument."

*From the Rev. H. Gale, Treborough Rectory, Taunton.*

"Your Harmonium is infinitely superior to those of any other maker that I am acquainted with."

*From the Rev. A. E. Fowler, Widdington, Essex.*

"I hereby certify that Messrs. BOOSEY and SONS have supplied us with one of EVANS'S HARMONIUMS with ten stops, which is now placed in our church, and I have great pleasure in stating that the instrument is highly approved for its excellence of tone and for its great power—it being quite equal to filling our church and to leading the village choir."

*From Professor Sterndale Bennett.*

"I have the greatest pleasure in giving you my opinion upon your improved Harmonium. The instrument you left with me I enjoyed playing on extremely, and several professional friends who saw and heard it at my house, agreed with me entirely in considering your improvements very striking and valuable. I must confess that I had before entertained some prejudice against this class of instrument, from its monotonous character, but which you have now completely removed."

*From M. W. Balfie, Esq.*

"I was truly delighted yesterday listening to your new Harmonium. I think it perfection, and feel quite sure of your carrying all before you with it."

*From W. T. Best, Esq.*

"The improvements made by Mr. EVANS in the construction of Harmoniums are important and of great value."

"One of these instruments, with two claviors and a pedal board, would be a much better substitute for the Organ in a drawing-room than the ordinary Chamber Organ with four or five stops."

*From Cipriani Potter, Esq.*

"Having heard your improved Harmonium, I state with much satisfaction that the advantages I discovered were numerous: the agreeable smooth tone, void of all harshness; the quality of the treble with the bass retaining a proper equilibrium throughout the compass, very rare in keyed instruments; also the sound responding quickly to the touch, necessary for the performance of different styles of music."

"The second row of keys is a great boon for the execution of Melodies, or Solo parts with an accompaniment, often avoiding the necessity of crossing the hands. With all these advantages your Harmonium must become a drawing-room instrument."

*From Henry Smart, Esq.*

"I have examined the Harmonium with the modifications introduced by Mr. EVANS, of Sheffield, and have no hesitation in giving a high opinion of its quality and capabilities. Its tone is more than ordinarily delicate, and yet with sufficient power for any purpose to which instruments of this description can fairly be applied; while satisfactory means are adopted to ensure punctuality of articulation without the use of what is termed the 'percussion action.'"

"The Harmonium, in particular, as arranged by Mr. EVANS with two claviors is a great improvement on the ordinary construction, and will be found capable of beautiful effects."

*From Alfred Mellon, Esq.*

"I have much pleasure in giving you my opinion upon your Harmonium: it is the best instrument of the kind I have ever heard."

*Full particulars of EVANS'S HARMONIUMS, with prices, may be had of*

**BOOSEY AND SONS, HOLLES STREET, LONDON,**  
(Manufactory, Wells Street.)